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"On the Sahara."

"ON THE SAHARA,"

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ORIGINAL FARCICAL COMEDY

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FOUR ACTS,

34 BY

8781 R'

FRANK E. DUMM and ALICE SULLY.

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ENTERED ACCORDING TO AN ACT OF CONGRESS, IN THE YEAR 1886.
By FRANK E. DUMM and ALICE SULLY,
IN THE OFFICE OF THE LIBRARIAN OF CONGRESS, AT WASHINGTON, D. C.

CAST OF CHARACTERS.

WOUTER VAN TWILLER.

LORD FEATHERLY, an English Lord.

PERCY FEATHERLY, his Wayward Son.

WILBER VAN TWILLER, Wouter's Son.

JORKINS, a Member of the Firm of Jorkins & Jorkins.

MRS. VAN TWILLER, the "Simoon."

GERTRUDE VAN TWILLER, the "Oasis."

SYBLE REED, the "Palm Tree."

On the Sahara.

ACT I.

INTERIOR.—Interior Wouter Van Twiller's residence, New York, elaborately furnished—bric-a-brac, &c. Fire-place "L," table "L," settees "R" and "L," door "C" in flat and doors "R" and "L."

AT RISE OF CURTAIN.—Enter "D C," TWIGGS, butler, stiff, reading evening paper—crosses to table.

TWIGGS. Hello! What's this? (*reading*) "Great financial failure in Wall street! Millions involved! Jorkins and Jorkins, bankers, gone glimmering! Hungry creditors thirsting for gore!" Great goodness, how sensational.

Enter "D C," Wilber Van Twiller, Wouter's son, X's with apparent agitation to Twiggs.

WILBER. Twiggs!

TWIG. (*dropping paper*) Sir!

WIL. When Mr. Jorkins calls, bring him to my room, and—tell the ladies I cannot attend the reception to-night. (*turning*) What paper were you reading?

TWIG. The evening paper. It contains a full and sensational account of the failure of Jorkins & Jorkins.

WIL. (*taking paper*) Has my father read it?

TWIG. No, sir.

WIL. (*aside*) He is all the better off. (*crossing to "D L" and turning*) Remember, send Jorkins to me immediately upon his arrival. (*Exit "D L."*)

TWIG. (*rubbing his nose reflectively*) The boy acts queer, very queer—devilish queer. Ah, he's mixed up in Jorkins & Jorkins? I must get another paper. Yes. I can get a paper at the news-stand around the corner. (*at "D C."*) Hello, here comes Mr. Van Twiller.

MUSIC.

VAN TWILLER. (*within*) Um—ah, my dears; no, no, my dears, I won't; that settles it.

Enter "D C," Wouter Van Twiller, an old gentleman of great dozing propensities; his daughter, Gertrude, on one arm and Syble Reed, his protegee, on the other. Twiggs bows them in.

Mr. VAN. Um—ah, my dears. (*puffing*) Twiggs, my chair and foot-rest.

Twiggs places his chair and foot-rest in position near table "L."

Mr. VAN. (*sinking into chair*) Um—ah, my loves, you have tired me out. Twiggs, put my foot on the rest. Yes, my dears, I am quite exhausted.

Twiggs handles the old gentleman's foot roughly.

Mr. VAN. Twiggs, what are you trying to do? Don't do that again! Get out!

TWIG. Yes, sir. (*at "D C."*) Now for the paper! (*Exit.*)

Mr. VAN. Now, my loves, go below and amuse your mamma; it's time for me to snooze.

GERTRUDE. But the letter, papa, with the foreign post-mark. I'm not a bit curious, but I'm dying to know who it's from?

Mr. VAN. Um—ah, it's from my old friend, Lord Featherly.

GER. What, a lord—a real live lord?

Mr. VAN. Quite an old simpleton in his way.

GER. Oh, papa, what does he say?

Mr. VAN. Say, ah—um; he says he has a son.

GER. A son! Oh, has he, papa? Doesn't that seem funny? I suppose he's some well-proportioned naval officer?

SYBLE. Or a dignified member of parliament?

GER. Always talking about the corn-law or marrying your deceased wife's sister? I'm sure he is. I must embrace you, you dear good fellow, for telling us so much.

She flies at the old gentleman, embraces him and gets his foot into difficulties.

Mr. VAN. (*extricating himself*) What! Eh! Don't do that again! Um—ah, don't!

GER. Papa, is he a member of parliament?

Mr. VAN. No, he isn't. Ah—um, he's a harum-scarum, bull-headed scapegrace. He's real devilish!

GER. (*pinching his nose*) Oh, papa!

Mr. VAN. So his father tells me; he's up to everything. Gertie, put my foot on the floor, it's falling asleep.

Gertrude pulls or kicks the stool from under his foot.

Mr. VAN. (*starting*) Um—ah, don't do that again. My worthy ancestor, Wouter, Governor of New Amsterdam, would have had you boiled in a Dutch pot for that. Don't repeat it—don't.

GER. But the young Englishman?

Mr. VAN. As I, ah—um, was saying; he's a wrong-headed, wild-headed—

GER. (*pulling his ears*) Now, papa.

MR. VAN. A varitable bull-head, my dears; so his father says, and, ah—um—but I must not tell you.

GER. (*pulling him from one side*) You must!

SYB. (*same play from opposite side*) You must tell us!

GER. (*same play*) Please, papa!

SYB. (*same play*) Indeed, Mr. Van Twiller!

MR. VAN. (*rising and looking himself over*) My dears, don't do that again!

Mr. Van crosses to "C" of stage, the young ladies follow.

GER. Don't be so provoking, papa; do tell us.

MR. VAN. (*putting an arm about the waist of each and drawing them to him*) Well, ah—um, come here, my dears. (*eyeing them good naturedly*) It's a long story and I'm afraid I'm not equal to it. Ah—um, not equal to it.

GER. Of course you are; go on.

MR. VAN. (*looking cautiously over his shoulder*) Well, to-day, I received a highly flavored note from Lord Featherly—highly flavored, my dears, saying his wrong-headed, bull-headed—(*Gertrude makes a motion of disapproval*) Um—ah, I insist upon bull-headed and real devilish. His son has left England for America to see the country, and look up a cousin who disappeared from Evergreen Manor when she was a baby.

GER. Stolen, papa?

MR. VAN. Undoubtedly.

GER. How romantic. Well, well?

MR. VAN. Gertrude, there is a fly on my head.

GER. Yes, papa.

MR. VAN. Frighten it.

Gertrude frightens it.

MR. VAN. Gertrude, don't do that again.

GER. Now go on and finish your story.

MR. VAN. I have finished it, my dear.

GER. No you haven't. There's something more; I'm sure there is. Do, papa, tell us the rest.

Gertrude embraces her father.

GER. (*jumping up and down*) Do! Oh, do, do, do, please do!

Enter Mrs. Van Twiller in "D.C.," takes in the situation and coughs. Van Twiller looks around and then falls into the most convenient chair. Gertrude stands "R" and Syble "L." Mrs. Van Twiller comes forward.

MRS. VAN. (*sharply*) What are you, trying to do? Don't be fools! It's ridiculous! Gertrude, sit down.

GER. (*sitting down*) Yes, mamma.

MRS. VAN. Syble!

SYB. Yes, madam.

MRS. VAN. Sit down.

Syble sits down.

Mrs. VAN. Mr. Van Twiller!

Mr. VAN. My love.

Mrs. VAN. Sit—oh, you are down!

Mr. VAN. Yes, my pet.

Mrs. VAN. Stay there, then.

Mr. VAN. But, my darling?

Mrs. VAN. It's absurd! I won't have it! You're turning my house into a bedlam. It's ridiculous! Gertrude, sit up straight!

Mrs. Van Twiller seats herself and eyes her family with much disapproval. Mr. Van Twiller attempts to speak several times before speaking and Gertrude and Syble move uneasily upon their chairs.

Mr. VAN. My love, its—ah—um——

Mrs. VAN. (*interrupting*) Mr. Van Twiller, it's nothing of the sort. Gertrude, stop your giggling!

Another pause. Same play as before.

Mr. VAN. But as I was going to say, my darling, ah—um, the young ladies are dressed to attend the reception at Mr. Van Dover's, and, the young ladies——

Mrs. VAN. (*interrupting*) Can't go, not a step; it's not to be thought of.

GER. (*rising*) But, mamma?

Mrs. VAN. Sit down.

Gertrude sits and sighs.

Mrs. VAN. Mr. Van Dover, this time last year, was walking the streets of New York without a penny in his pockets. Think how vulgar that was? He had the audacity to tell me about it and laugh; thought it was a joke. He became rich suddenly and then imagined himself respectable. It's absurd!

GER. But, mamma, everybody must make a break.

Mrs. VAN. Van Twiller, hear your daughter talk! Break? Break what? Break up, break down, break over? Nonsense!

Mr. VAN. She means make a beginning, my pet. You remember when I first saw you, sitting at your father's feet, clipping pieces of scrap-leather?

Mrs. VAN. Um!

GER. [*maliciously*] Your father was a cobbler; was he not, mamma?

Mrs. VAN. Gertrude, hold your tongue!

Mrs. Van Twiller assumes an injured look and casts it at her husband.

Mr. VAN. Um—ah, as I was saying, my love, when you were sitting at your father's feet, clipping pieces of scrap-leather——

Mrs. VAN. Things have changed since then.

Mr. VAN. They have, my dear. That was the first time I saw you. I said, "Good morning, Miss Cobbler!" That was the first break. I made it. [*aside*] I wish I hadn't. [*aloud*] You dropped the scrap-leather and smiled. That was a break on your part. You,

ah—um, used to smile very sweetly, my darling. You see, my pet, we all have to make a break; break means beginning.

Mrs. VAN. You're talking nonsense, absurd nonsense!

Mr. VAN. But, my love, I was only attempting——

Mrs. VAN. To be ridiculous! Don't do it again; you make yourself tedious.

GER. But the reception, mamma?

Mrs. VAN. Not a step! [*to Gertrude*] Sit down! [*rising and crossing to "D C."*] Mr. Van Twigger, come with me.

Mr. VAN. [*rising and following Mrs. Van. to "D C."*] Yes, my love.

Mr. Van. looks disconsolately back at the girls. Exit "D C," Mr. & Mrs. Van.

GER. [*sighing*] Poor papa!

SYB. Ah!

They look disconsolately at each other and sigh. Enter in "D C," Twiggs.

TWIG. Mr. Jorkins!

Enter "D C," Mr. Jorkins.

JORKINS. [*bowing*] I have called to see your brother. [*aside*] Poor things they look disturbed; it will be a hard blow to them.

GER. [*rises*] My brother is not at home.

TWIG. [*aside*] I'm losing my head. [*aloud*] Come this way, Mr. Jorkins. [*X's to "D L."*] Wilber will see you in his room.

Twiggs knocks at "D L."

WIL. [*within*] Well?

TWIG. Mr. Jorkins is here, sir.

WIL. [*within*] Show him in.

Twiggs opens "D L," Jorkins bows to the ladies and exits. Twiggs crosses to "D C,"

TWIG. By the way, your brother will not attend the reception.

GER. We have also decided not to attend.

TWIG. I'm afraid your brother is not feeling well, Miss.

SYB. Why, Twiggs, when I saw him last, he was in good health.

TWIG. Queerer things happen in less time than that, Miss; for instance, an explosion. [*aside*] Jorkins & Jorkins, that's it! Thank goodness, I have the paper!

Twiggs holds up paper and exits.

GER. Oh, Syble, isn't it awfully provoking to poke here all evening, and all dressed up for the party, too? I do wish mamma wasn't so queer.

SYB. You must remember how really good she is. By the way, dear, you heard Twiggs say your brother was ill. Don't you feel anxious about him?

GER. No, I can't say I do. He looked well enough the last time I saw him.

SYB. [*rises*] Yes, but, Gertrude——

GER. [*rises*] Yes, but, Syble! [*they meet "C."*] I have been

noticing you lately and I believe you are falling in love with my brother? I know he's in love with you.

SYB. With me? Me! a poor, dependent girl? I should illy repay your parents' kindness were I to think of such a thing.

GER. Poor, dependent? Oh, dear, dear, dear, don't say it that way!

Syble seats herself, Gertrude kneels beside her.

SYB. Yes, but I am.

GER. I know, Syble, you never had a mother.

SYB. Gertrude?

GER. You never saw her?

SYB. No; and if my father hadn't been one of Mr. Van Twiller's best friends, heaven knows, when he died, what would have happened to me. Ah, we will not talk of that.

GER. No, let us talk of Wilber?

SYB. I must not say I love your brother?

GER. Indeed you must, if you do.

SYB. I know your mother's ambition for him; it is far above and beyond me.

GER. Mamma is peculiar?

SYB. No, Gertrude, she is kind. She has been very kind to me, and I would be an ingrate to come between her and her plans. Let us talk no more about it.

GER. You're the dearest, sweetest girl in the world, and Wilber would be fortunate should he win your love.

Enter Twiggs, "D C," with card.

TWIG. Card!

GER. (*rising, takes card and reads*) "Percy Featherly, Evergreen Manor, England." Twiggs, show him up! (*exit Twiggs*) Syble, it's Lord Featherly's son! We had forgotten all about him! Dear me, I'm so excited! I suppose he's some stiff, dignified party, proud of his ancestry and all that sort of thing?

SYB. And, dear, you're all ruffled up.

GER. Oh, I'm sure I am. I must look like a fright, I know I do. We must primp a little before he sees us. Perhaps, he's a member of parliament; oh dear!

MUSIC.

Exit, "D R," Syble and Gertrude. Enter, "D C," Twiggs, followed by Percy Featherly, a young English fop.

TWIG. Percy Featherly! Ah, no one here? Be seated, please; the young ladies will be down presently. (*waves newspaper above his head*) Jorkins & Jorkins! Good gracious, but isn't it awful!

Exit "D C," Twiggs.

PERCY. Jorkins and Jorkins? I wonder what he meant by that? (*coming down "C."*) I don't know Jorkins; no, I never met Jorkins? Jorkins must be the name of their dog? Of course, Jorkins is a dog. Easy chair; I'll sit down. (*sees Syble's picture "R."*) Nice looking girl. Lud, she looks like the picture in the locket! (*produ-*

ces locket, makes comparison) Oh, no; no, she doesn't. Now, I suppose, I'll have to begin looking up girls with lockets. (*sitting "R."*) When we were babies, the Gov'nor's neice and I, he gave us each a locket like this. I must keep that straight. And when I've found a girl with this kind of a locket, I've found the Gov'nor's neice. It's deucedly uncomfortable, anyway. (*sees Mrs. Van Twiller's portrait and rises*) Lud, isn't she sour? Wouldn't the Gov'nor cage if I'd take her back to England! (*laughs—sees Gertrude's portrait*) Ah, there's a handsome girl! Lud, I hope she has the locket! (*enter Gertrude, "D R."—critically surveying picture*) Eyes too large; left ear lops a little—

GER. (*behind him—aside*) Slanderer!

PECY. (*same play*) I never could endure lopping ears—

GER. (*same play*) Well!

PECY. (*same play*) Y-a-a-s, and the mouth; rather pretty—

GER. (*same play*) Well, he has some taste.

PECY. (*same play*) Y-a-a-s; but too large, though, by an inch.

GER. (*same play*) You'll pay for that!

PECY. (*same play*) No, not an inch; that would be too queer. I wonder who she is?

GER. (*aloud*) Mr. Featherly, I believe?

Percy turns quickly and recognizes the counterpart of the portrait.

PECY. (*aside*) Lud, it's the girl in the portrait! I wonder if she heard what I said!

GER. Mr. Featherly?

PECY. (*aside*) I'm sure she heard what I said! (*aloud*) No; that is—y-a-a-s, Featherly, Percy Featherly; that's me. You are—I beg your pardon; but who are you?

GER. (*aside*) Oh my, what a simpleton.

PECY. It's—well—well, you see, we never had an introduction; that is, I don't remember of it, if we did—no. It's—y-a-a-s—no, it's not y-a-a-s; it's embarrassing, don't you see? Ah, well, by the way; however, how are you!

He offers his hand and then jams it into his vest pocket she making no motion to take it.

GER. Well, thank you. Won't you be seated? I am Gertrude Van Twiller; that's my portrait—I saw you looking at it when I came in. Fascinating, isn't it?

PECY. Y-a-a-s. (*aside*) She heard me!

GER. Yes, it's one of Sarony's best. The ears poise so gracefully; don't you think so?

PECY. Y-a-a-s. (*aside*) Lud, I wish I was out of here,

GER. They look as if they could speak?

PECY. Y-a-a-s.

GER. Do you know what one of my friends said—mean thing?

PECY. No.

GER. She said the eyes were too large.

PECY. That—that was cruel.

GER. And that the ears lopped; it was real mean of her. But that

wasn't all. She said my mouth was a foot larger than any mouth she had ever seen. (*aside*) He seems to be enjoying himself. (*aloud*) And, although, she knew no one ever had such a mouth, she wouldn't come down an inch.

PECY. Y-a-a-s. (*rises*) Miss Van Twiller, is your father at home?

GER. Yes; he'll be down presently—be seated.

PECY. I think I——

GER. Oh, please, be seated.

He sits down.

GER. You live in London?

PECY. Y-a-a-s, I live there and at Evergreen Manor. I left London, week ago last Saturday; just arrived in New York to-day. Nice town, New York—so much water and trestle work. It reminds me of the London suburbs—it does, really.

GER. (*aside*) Oh, but isn't he a goose!

An embarrassing pause.

PECY. Here's a letter for your Gov—I beg your pardon; for your papa. You can read it, if you wish—y-a-a-s. (*X's and hands her letter*) It's all about me, and there isn't a word of truth in it. My Gov'nor is peculiar; very.

She meets him half way and takes the letter.

GER. He must be peculiar. (*opens letter and reads*) He says you are—(*looks him over and laughs*)—you don't look it, but of course you are? [*laughs*]

PECY. Don't laugh; that isn't fare, you know.

GER. He says you are boisterous!

She looks at him seriously.

PEC'. [*putting on eye-glasses*] Oh, he doesn't say that! Let me see?

GER. [*backing from him and pretending to read*] He says you break things, and, oh dear! [*laughing aside*] I'm sure, I'll have to call for help; I'm frightened to death! [*he advances toward her*] Keep away from me! I'll scream! You look as if you intended to break something now! Oh, please, sir, commence on the furniture! [*walks up and down stage*] Where's the bell-rope!

Percy watches her with bewildered countenance and nervous agitation.

PEC'. [*aside*] I wonder what's the matter with her! [*aloud—crossing to her*] Oh, I say!

She turns, screams and runs past him.

PEC'. Oh, don't; it's real distressing!

GER. [*aside*] He's a perfect idiot; I'll have some fun with him.

PEC'. [*aside*] I'm either in a lunatic asylum, or this is American etiquette!

She looks at him over her shoulder.

GER. Now, when I come to look at you, you don't look a bit dangerous.

PECY. I ain't; I assure you.

GER. Take a seat.

Both are seated, Percy "R," Gertrude "L."

PECY. Certainly. (*aside*) I wonder what she'll do next! If I ever get out of here, I'll never come back—never!

GER. London society must be very distracting?

PECY. I think so.

GER. (*severely*) Of course it is?

PECY. (*aside*) I'll have to humor her. (*aloud*) Y-a-a-s, London's deucedly distracting.

GER. They dance the Minuet, and have bull-fights; don't they?

PECY. Y-a-a-s, every afternoon and evening.

GER. (*aside*) What a whack! (*aloud*) They play games, of course; ah——

PECY. Y-a-a-s, of course.

GER. "Button," for instance?

PECY. "Button!" Y-a-a-s. (*aside*) I wonder what's coming now?

GER. Let's play "button!"

PECY. Eh!

GER. Of course you know how to play button: "button, button; who's got the button?"

Business of game of button.

PECY. Of course; nice game. (*aside*) Never heard of it.

GER. I don't care particularly for it.

PECY. (*with sigh of relief*) Oh, neither do I.

GER. I like "bull in the ring."

PECY. (*aside*) Bulls! Lud, that's worse than buttons!

GER. Eh?

PECY. I dote on "bull-in-the-ring."

GER. How jolly!

PECY. Y-a-a-s.

GER. And "blind-man's-buff—say, let's play "blind-man's-buff?"

PECY. (*aside*) What's the matter with her! I wonder if this is the way they entertain visitors in America! (*aloud*) Y-a-a-s, I used to play "blind-man's-buff" at my Aunt Margaret's. It's rather youthful, but deucedly amusing.

GER. (*rises*) It's fun, I tell you. Come, let me put this handkerchief over your eyes?

He reluctantly crosses to her—business—adjusts handkerchief.

GER. (*aside, over his shoulder*) Oh, isn't this fun!

PECY. (*aside*) Lud, isn't this awful!

GER. Can you see?

PERCY. See! No. (*aside*) I wonder if she takes me for an idiot!

She turns him about several times.

MUSIC.

GER. Now, catch me!

Percy rushes frantically about the room, falling over the furniture and upsetting bric-a-brac. Enter, "D R," Syble.

SYB. Why, Gertrude?

GER. (*motioning her to silence*) Our member of parliament! Don't speak! Oh, but isn't he funny!

PERCY. (*grabbing Syble*) I have you!

SYB. (*eluding him*) Shoo!

Percy becomes excited and rushes up and down stage; his collar becomes unfastened and he yells, "Now I have you!" &c. When he has the room in a state of dilapidation, and the uproar is becoming energetic, Mrs. Van Twiller appears at "D C." Percy hearing her and thinking it is Gertrude, rushes to her and throws his arms about Mrs. Van Twiller's neck and tries to kiss her. She screams.

PERCY. Now, I've got you!

Mrs. VAN. (*pawing him*) Get off! It's absurd! Thieves! Help! Nonsense!

Gertrude pulls the handkerchief from Percy's eyes; he faces Mrs. Van Twiller.

PERCY. (*sinking upon his knees*) Oh! Lud!

Enter Mr. Jorkins from "D L," followed by Wilber Van Twiller.

JOR. My dear fellow, not a cent!

Mrs. VAN. What are you all trying to do!

Enter, from "D C," Mr. Van Twiller, followed by Twiggs.

Mr. VAN. (*excitedly reading from evening paper*) "Great financial failure in Wall street! Millions involved! Jorkins & Jorkins, bankers, gone glimmering! Hungry creditors thirsting for gore! The Van Twillers engulfed in the wreck!"

Mrs. VAN. What!

Mr. VAN. (*showing paper to Mrs. Van Twiller*) Look, my love! Look! Read! We are beggars!

PICTURE.

CURTAIN.

ACT II.

SCENE—Interior, rough cottage; rusty stove and pieces of pipe in one corner; floor strewn with pieces of broken crockery, paper, &c. Door "R." and window "L." in Flat; Door "R."

TIME—The 1st of April.

AT RISE OF CURTAIN—Enter, "D." in Flat, TWIGGS, with Turkish rug and spring mattress; drops them "C." of stage.

TWIG. (*taking a survey of the situation, executes a long-drawn sigh*) Jorkins & Jorkins!

Exit Twiggs "D" in Flat. Enter from "D" in Flat, Syble Reed, with bird cage and bric-a-brac. Same play as Twiggs.

SYB. Wilber! Wilber!

Exit Syble "D" in Flat. Enter Gertrude from "D" in Flat, with motto—"Home, Sweet Home," and a statuette of Venus.

GER. Good gracious, but isn't this awful! If I had time to dry my eyes, I'd sit down and have a good cry.

SYB. (*at "D" in Flat*) Gertrude, come, help us in with the table.

With Gertrude's aid and much difficulty, Twiggs and Syble get the table upon the stage. The table is of very stylish design; in fact, all the furniture and bric-a-brac introduced in this scene should be sufficiently elaborate to appear out of place in contrast with the roughness and disorder of the scene.

GER. (*sitting upon table*) Isn't this awful! Imagine how mamma will stare, lift her skirts, throw up her hands, and look this place out of countenance. (*laughs*)

SYB. What an outrage for Jorkins to fail.

GER. Well, if Wilber hadn't been so foolish—

SYB. (*interrupting*) Oh, don't blame Wilber.

GER. I don't; however, all we have left now is Twiggs and the Sahara. Won't mamma go to pieces when she sees this place. (*laughs*)

TWIG. It is't a laughing matter, Miss.

GER. Oh, isn't it, Mr. Twiggs.

TWIG. Oh, oh, oh!

GER. Twiggs, that will do.

TWIG. (*holds up motto*) "Home, Sweet Home!" Ah, what's the use of this now, Miss?

GER. You can hang it over the door; it's all we have to remind us where we are.

TWIG. Yes, Miss.

GER. Twiggs, drop the sentiment and attend to the substantial.

Twiggs groans, drops motto and exits "D" in Flat.

SYB. Gertrude, you look distressed.

GER. Do I! (*takes Syble in her arms, smiling*) Do I look distressed now? I'm as happy as a lark; this affair is too novel to pinch my features.

SYB. Poor, dear, Mr. Van Twiller!

GER. Poor, dear, good papa!

They fall into each other's arms and weep, blubbering "Poor, dear, good, sweet papa!"

GER. (*drying her eyes*) The first thing you know, you'll be crying. [*kisses her*] There, there, there! This is no time for sentiment—sentiment and the 1st of April make an odd pair. There's the furniture to be disposed of, and—[*noticing Venus*] Venus! Heaven protect you, Venus; you shall have a wash-tub for your pedestal.

SYB. Will you ever be sober, dear?

GER. With present surroundings, I prefer a state of intoxication.

Enter Twiggs, "D" in Flat, with some article of furniture.

GER. Hard at it, Twiggs? Syble, will you look over the house; I think I can manage Twiggs and the furniture?

SYB. Certainly. [*X's to "D R," opens it and starts back*] Oh!

GER. What's the matter?

SYB. It's awful, Gertrude; awful! [*exit*]

GER. Twiggs, who lived here?

TWIG. A Mr. Muggins, his wife and their thirteen children!

GER. Unlucky family. But, Twiggs hurry in with the furniture.

TWIG. Yes, Miss.

Exit Twiggs "D" in Flat.

GER. [*sitting upon table*] So, here we are. [*sighs*] Oh, dear; settled down on twenty acres of sand, with visions of wash-tubs and bread-boards rising before me. Gertrude Van Twiller turned into a maid-of-all-work; no drives, no receptions, no lawn-tennis, no visitors and—ah, that reminds me of Percy Featherly? He's a noodle, but I couldn't help liking him. After all the time we have spent together, I suppose I shall never see him again? That's right; cry about it, make a goose of yourself! As if that would help matters any. Now's the time to show people I'm not the silly butterfly they take me for; instead of weeping and thinking about things, I had bet-

ter go to work and have the house comfortable when papa and mamma comes.

SYB. [*within*] Gertrude!

GER. Yes! [*jumps from table*] I'm coming! [*at "D R."*] No wonder they call this place the Sahara; all it lacks is a camel and an Arab to hold the mirror up to nature. [*exit*]

Percy Featherly looks in window in Flat and enters cautiously "D" in Flat; he carries a valise and is traveled-stained.

PECY. [*dusting himself*] Great goodness, I never walked so far in my life! I wonder if this is the Sahara? [*looks about him*] It's a queer looking place. Whee! A mahogany table and a plush cover; queer, very! [*sees Venus*] Who are you? Great Cæsar; it's Venus! Venus, how did you get in such bad company? And here's a lot of valuable bric-a-brac. [*starting*] Oh, lud, I've gotten in the wrong house! This must be the rendezvous of a smuggler! Lud, the idea starts the chills running each other up and down my back!

TWIG. [*outside*] Oh, oh, oh, oh!

PECY. Je-ru-sa-lem, what was that! [*Twiggs makes noise outside, Gertrude screams within*] Great Cæsar; and I left my revolver at the hotel! [*footsteps heard within*] That's the smuggler! Good bye, Percy Featherly; you're a goner! [*rushes wildly about the stage—discovers spring mattress*] What's this! A grating! [*he hauls the mattress near to window in Flat, stands it upright, gets behind it and covers himself with the plush cover*] Now, smuggler, do your worst!

Enter Twiggs from "D" in Flat with piece of furniture which he drops heavily upon stage; the mattress quivers; Twiggs groans and exits.

PEC'. (*peeping out with serious face*) He's gone! Lud, that was a narrow escape! I must get out of here! Just imagine my neck cut from ear to ear; I never could endure it, never! (*runs to "D R," holding the table cover over his head—footsteps within*) There's a smuggler in there! (*Twiggs groans*) Murdering a poor wretch! The house is full of them! Lud, he's coming this way!

He hides again behind the mattress. Enter, from "D R." Gertrude, Twiggs from "D" in Flat, with large bundle which he drops heavily upon the stage.

PEC'. (*aside*) That's the body of the poor wretch!

GER. (*to Twiggs*) Get the ax and a piece of rope; I have another job for you in the next room. (*exit*)

PEC'. (*aside*) Ax! Rope! My turn next!

The mattress commences to quiver and falls upon the stage. Gertrude starts back and screams.

PEC'. Oh, dear, good Mr. Smuggler!

Percy lifts the cover from his head: they recognize and eye each other.

PEC'. Gertrude!

GER. Oh, it's you?

PEC'. Y-a-a-s. (*stammering*) You see—I beg your pardon—I

came to call. How to do! I got behind the grating—well, I—*(aside)* What the d—l did I get behind there for? *(aloud)* Well I was behind the grating; you noticed that—ah, y-a-a-s; to give you a surprise.

GER. You accomplished your purpose.

PEC'. Y-a-a-s, I think I did.

GER. *(offers her hand)* Anyway, it was kind of you to hunt us up.

PEC'. Don't mention it. You see, I received a letter from my Gov'nor, asking me to return to England——

GER. Then you have come to say good-bye?

PEC'. Y-a-a-s; but I'm not going. I came to America to look up a sort of niece, whom the Gov'nor calls the "4th of March;" why, he doesn't know, neither do I. I don't think I ever mentioned this before; did I? But I've got deuced tired looking up girls with lockets.

GER. Locketts?

PEC'. Y-a-a-s; lockets, you see—lockets and the "4th of March." And, now, the Gov'nor wants me to come home; but I'm not going. I've taken quite a liking to this part of the country, where there arn't so many girls, and, of course, not so many lockets. Oh, don't laugh; I've got lockets on the brain, the Gov'nor's got the "4th of March." However, I trust you're glad to see me?

GER. Indeed, we are; but I'm afraid we can't make it very interesting for you here.

PEC'. *(aside)* Isn't she refreshing; just as if she couldn't make any place interesting?

GER. *(aside)* What shall I do with him? I have it; I'll put him to work. He'll make fun for us. *(aloud)* Mr. Featherly.

PEC'. Please, call me Percy.

GER. Well, *(hesitates)* Percy, did you ever work?

PEC'. Work? Y-a-a-s; that is, I used to hold the sponge for the groom when he rubbed down the horses. He said I was a great worker, when I got started; but I was hard to start.

GER. You look like a great worker(?)

PEC'. That's what he said.

GER. You notice the palace is a little out of repairs?

PEC'. Y-a-a-s; it does look rather musty.

GER. Would you mind helping Twiggs with the furniture?

PEC'. Certainly, not.

Enter from "D R," Syble.

GER. Syble, Percy's here.

PEC'. Ah, good morning, Miss Syble!

SYB. Why, good morning!

PEC'. Excuse me; I must help Twiggs with the furniture.

GER. Percy, what time is it?

PEC'. *(X'ing to "D" in Flat)* 11:30.

GER. And the folks will be at the station by twelve. We must build a fire, prepare dinner and get the house in order. *(enter*

from "D" in Flat, Twiggs, with furniture—Percy lends a hand) Twiggs, did you bring a stove?

TWIG. (*glaring at Percy*) No, Miss.

PEC'. (*discovering stove*) Here's a stove; but its rather rusty.

GER. Never mind; we'll fix that. Twiggs, have you any stove-polish?

TWIG. No, Miss.

PEC'. I have shoe-polish in my valise; if that will do?

GER. Of course it will do. You and Twiggs set up the stove; I'll make a pudding. Syble, where's the cook book?

SYB. (*upsets various articles, finds book*) Here it is.

Gertrude, possessed of the cook book, elevates herself upon the table and begins to study it's contents. Twiggs and Percy commence setting up the stove.

GER. (*reads and thumbs the book*) "Chowders." "Soups." "Cakes." "Puddings."

Twiggs drops stove upon Percy's toes.

PEC'. (*caressing the injured member*) Oh, I say!

TWIG. I beg your pardon.

PEC'. Don't mention it.

They recommence setting up the stove.

GER. (*reads*) "Pudding, *a la France*."

SYB. (*dusting Venus*) Gertrude, what shall I do with Venus?

GER. (*reading*) "Bake until brown."

SYB. What!

GER. (*reading*) "Turn over and let cool before serving."

SYB. Gertrude!

GER. (*looking up*) Eh! Oh, is there any flour in the wagon?

SYB. Twiggs bought a sack when we drove through the village.

Percy and Twiggs placing the pipe in position, it becomes disjointed and falls upon them.

PEC'. D—n it!

GER. (*looks up*) Percy!

PEC'. I beg your pardon.

GER. (*reading*) "Soak it—for two hours."

PEC'. [*staring at her*] Soak it! What?

TWIG. [*touches Percy on the shoulder*] Will you help me with the pipe?

PEC'. Certainly. [*looks back at Gertrude*] Soak it! I wonder what she meant by that?

Twiggs and Percy put the pipe in position during the following conversation.

GER. [*reads*] "Cottage." "Suet." "Cabinet." "Indian." "Sago." "Rice." Syble, have we any rice?

SYB. No.

GER. That settles "Rice." "Orange." "Blancmange." "Tapioca." "Bread." [*reads rapidly receipt for bread pudding*] Have we raisins?

SYB. No; do you imagin Twigg's bought the whole grocery store?

GER. Well, that settles bread. What have we, Syble?

SYB. We have flour, salt, pepper and [*thinks*] water.

GER. I'll find something with lots of water in it.

Percy pinches his finger in the pipe; jumps up and down; Twigg's laughs aside.

PEC'. Ouch! Great Jerusalem! D—n it!

GER. Don't repeat that! You shock me! [*reads*] "Strain the water and salt it down."

PEC'. What!

GER. [*reads*] "Eight quarts of flour well peppered." I think that must be a misprint. Syble, come and see.

They put their heads together over the book.

TWIG. [*to Percy*] You are too easily vexed, sir.

PEC'. [*sucking his thumb*] Y-a-a-s, I believe I am; but there is something about that stove and pipe that suggests d—n it. Girls, accept my apology.

GER. [*reads*] "Work it well and give it a hot oven."

PEC'. Eh!

GER. No, that won't do, Syble. A pudding with eight quarts of water—that's too thin.

Gertrude catches herself; they all look at her. At this point Twigg's has the stove in position. Gertrude thumbs her book.

GER. I have it; a dish for the gods: popovers—flour, water and salt.

PEC'. Girls, can I remove my coat?

GER. [*reads*] "Remove cover and serve hot."

PEC'. Thanks. [*aside*] I wonder if that's more of her American slang?

GER. Will some one get me a bowl and fill it with flour?

PEC'. Where's the bowl?

GER. In the wagon with the flour.

Percy exits hurriedly "D" in Flat.

GER. Just the dish to begin on; so every-day-like—popovers! Twigg's, bring in a bucket of water, a rolling-pin, the salt, and an armfull of wood—oh, yes; and a spoon!

Twigg's runs to and from "D" in Flat between each order.

TWIG. Anything else, Miss?

GER. Yes; look if the folks are coming.

Exit Twigg's "D" in Flat.

GER. (*rolling up her sleeves*) Just the thing. Such an athletic name—popovers!

Enter, from "D" in Flat, Percy, smeared with flour and with bowl filled with flour.

GER. What's happened to you!

SYB. Percy, you look like a miller.

PEC'. Say nothing; the sack broke.

GER. And you lost the flour?

PEC'. Oh, I got the most of it, I assure you.

GER. How lucky.

PEC'. Y-a-a-s.

GER. (*taking bowl*) Now, you can black the stove; and please hurry, for I must have a fire soon.

PEC'. (*resignedly*) Y-a-a-s.

Percy produces shoe-polish and brush from his valise and attacks the stove. Twiggs falls in "D" in Flat, burdened with articles sent for, staggers to and places them upon table.

TWIG. Here are the things, Miss.

GER. Thanks. Now help Syble with the furniture. (*to Syble*) Are you tired, dear?

SYB. Not at all.

PEC'. (*looking up from stove*) I say; this goes on smeary.

GER. (*Gertrude at table mixing ingredients in bowl*) You can remedy that by getting more on the stove and less on your face. Get me the salt, please.

PEC'. Certainly; where is it?

GER. Oh, on the table, somewhere; find it.

PEC'. (*with brush in hand, hunts for salt*) Here, it is.

He hands her the salt, his brush is just above the bowl. Twiggs drops furniture, Syble screams and Percy drops brush into the bowl.

GER. Oh, Percy!

PEC'. (*picking up brush quickly*) I beg your pardon; it never touched! If you have no objections, I will finish the stove.

GER. (*aside*) I won't eat any popovers. I never did like popovers.

Percy commences work at the stove and gives it a white side; Gertrude works the mixture in the bowl vigorously; much to the detriment of their clothing. During the following conversation, between Twiggs and Syble, Gertrude seeing Percy getting part of her popovers on the stove, she grabs up a handful of dough, crosses to him and expostulates it pantomime against his blunders. The dough drips to the floor, Percy points to it, she catches it up, returns to the bowl and recommences work.

SYB. (*to Twiggs*) Did you see Wilber before leaving the city.

TWIG. Yes. Ah, poor Master Wilber, the picture of despair.

SYB. But he was not to blame for the failure?

TWIG. Not at all; not directly. The firm of Jorkins & Jorkins went under—the estate was in it, and the estate went with it. It was through Wilber the bulk of the fortune was mixed up in Jorkins. Ah, Miss, he will never come down to living here.

SYB. (*starting*) Of course he will; he loves his parents too dearly to leave them now.

TWIG. Love is all very well in its way, Miss; but there's his mother. Poor boy, she'll never give him any peace. I know how t'will be; I haven't been ten years with the old master not to know Mrs. Van Twiller. Mark my word, he'll never stay here.

Syble sighs and turns away.

PECY. (*at stove*) I'm out of blacking.

GER. (*looks up*) Well, you're a sight! Scrape a little off your face and I think you'll have enough to finish it. Say, build a fire!

PEC'. (*aside*) Lud, I'm tired!

Mrs. VAN. (*outside*) Absurd! Drive on!

All cease work and strike a listening attitude.

OLD DRIVER. (*outside*) I tell yer, ma'm, this here's the Sahara! Git out!

Mrs. VAN. (*outside*) What's he talking about!

Mr. VAN. (*outside*) I don't know, my love.

SYB. (*at window in Flat.*) Here they come!

MUSIC.

GER. (*with the dough sticking to her fingers*) Put the room in order! I never knew popovers were such stickers! Percy, be quick! (*to Twiggs*) Why don't you do something!

Gertrude, flourishing about the stage, flourishes the dough over her head. Percy, in his efforts "to be quick," upsets the stove and the pipe falls upon him. Twiggs upsets the table, and Syble hangs the motto, "Home, Sweet Home" about Twiggs' neck. Enter, from "D" in Flat, Mrs. Van Twiller, followed by her husband. She surveys the apartment and the occupants with great and withering contempt.

Mrs. VAN. This is a nice hole! What are you all trying to do? Gertrude!

GER. Yes, mamma.

Mrs. VAN. Sit down! Mr. Van Twiller where have you brought me?

Mr. VAN. I don't know anything about it, my love; don't ask me.

Mrs. VAN. (*snifing the air and flouncing up and down stage*) This place is absurd! Pah! It's vulgar! I feel like a cobbler again.

Mr. VAN. Oh, my darling!

Mrs. VAN. Not a word; I mean it. (*sees Percy with blackened face*) What's that?

GER. What?

Mrs. VAN. That.

GER. Percy Featherly, mamma.

Mrs. VAN. Umph! He looks more like a map of Africa. Why don't you wash your face? You're hideous! Is this the only room in the house?

SYB. There are three rooms below and two half-rooms above.

Mrs. VAN. Half rooms! Where are we all to sleep? What are we going to eat! And where are we going to eat it! Who are we! Where are we! Mr. Van Twiller, don't look so unconcerned! Stop your talking, all of you and get to work! Van Twiller take that spring mattress up to the half-room!

Mr. VAN. But, my darling!

Mrs. VAN. Not a word! Gertrude, sit down!

GER. But, mamma, there is no chair.

Mrs. VAN. Sit down, anyway!

Gertrude elevates herself upon the table.

Mrs. VAN. Featherly!

PEC'. Y-a-a-s.

Mrs. VAN. Take that stove outside and smash it!

PEC'. Oh, lud!

Mrs. VAN. (*to Twiggs who has motto hung about his neck*) What do you mean standing around like a cough-drop-sign! Move yourself!

The characters according to the various orders are set in motion. Twiggs exits hurriedly "D" in Flat. Percy finds the stove too much for him and Mr. Van Twiller tangles himself up in the spring-mattress.

Mrs. VAN. What are you all trying to do! Make fools of yourselves—sit down!

They all sit down: Van Twiller buried in the spring-mattress and Percy upon the stove. Enter from "D" in Flat, Wilber Van Twiller.

PEC'. (*rising from stove, catches Mrs. Van Twiller's eye, sits down quickly*) Welcome, to the Sahara!

Mr. VAN. (*same play*) Ah—um, my boy; welcome!

Wilber taking in the situation, remalus at "D" in flat and hangs his head.

Mrs. VAN. (*angrily*) What are you standing there for? Come in, and—and—and sit down!

Wilber does not change his position.

Mrs. VAN. Look up and see what you've brought us to; look around you. I am a cobbler again; every inch a cobbler. See your father brought to the extremities of a spring-mattress.

Mr. VAN. Quite laid out in it, my boy.

Mrs. VAN. Think how vulgar that is!

Mr. VAN. (*emotionally*) Never mind; ah—um, poor boy, come in.

Mrs. VAN. Don't get emotional, Van Twiller; I won't have it. I won't have this affair turned into a ten-cent novel. (*to Wilber*) You've brought us to a pretty pass; you ought to be ashamed of yourself.

WIL. Mother!

Mrs. VAN. Don't attempt to excuse yourself; excuses heaped as high as Washington's monument wouldn't make this place anything but a desert.

GER. Don't, mamma. I admit it is useless to attempt to be comfortable here, but we can at least try to be happy.

Mrs. VAN. Sit down!

GER. But, mamma, you are breaking our hearts; don't you see you are!

Mrs. VAN. Don't make yourself tedious. You'd like to turn this affair into a may-pole dance; I won't have it. Stir about, do something; I'm tired of talk! Mr. Van Twiller, put your shoulder to the mattress, and follow me.

Mr. VAN. (*shouldering mattress*) Yes, my pet.

Mrs. VAN. If I wasn't the most considerate woman in the world,

I'd pack the whole lot of you off to a reformatory. Van Twiller, go ahead!

Exit Mr. Van Twiller "D L," followed by his wife, who gives her family a parting look. Percy, with stove-pipe, exits "D" in Flat. Gertrude crosses and touches Wilber upon the shoulder.

GER. Wilber.

WIL. (*starting*) Gertrude, you heard mother? I can not live here.

GER. Oh, Wilber, don't say that; don't mind mamma!

WIL. (*falling into chair*) It's not so much mother, but I can not remain here in idleness and be constantly reminded of my blunders.

GER. (*kneels beside him*) I want to tell you, Wilber; I don't blame you—none of us blame you. Mother is peculiar, but she doesn't mean what she says. [*Wilber sobs with head bowed on table*] Don't, Wilber; please, don't. [*caressing him*] I love you so; we all love you. We don't mind coming to this place at all; it's only mamma who is disagreeable. I am sure, we will all be very happy here; won't we, Syble?

SYB. [*weeping*] We can try to be.

WIL. Happy! Happy, in a place like this! You may be in time, Gertrude; for you have a light heart and a free conscience. But I, stung with remorse and regrets; never, never!

GER. Oh, Wilber, don't talk that way; I can't bear it. My heart is too full to speak, but you know what I want to say; we will soon forget we ever lived in a grand house; we will forget everything and everybody, except each other; and we will build a little world here of our own. [*weeping*] If you only knew how my heart aches for you; if you only knew!

WIL. [*embracing her*] Don't cry, Gertrude; don't. I would like to remain here for your sake and—Syble's; but would I not be more worthy of your love, should I try to regain what I have lost for you? Syble, is it not best for me to go?

SYB. I can not advise you.

GER. She wants you to stay; of course she does. Don't you, Syble?

WIL. No. It may seem ungrateful, but I must leave you. The sight of those I love in poverty and privation, would be more than I could endure. I must make an effort to lift them out of it. I can't speak. [*kisses Gertrude*] You will say, "Good-bye," for me, to father and mother. [*turning to Syble and taking her hand*] Syble I intended to ask something of you, if it had not been for our misfortunes. Perhaps, the day will come when I can; until then, good-bye!

GER. Wilber!

Wilber crosses to "D" in Flat and opens it. Gertrude throws her arms about him as if to detain him and Syble sinks sobbing upon chair.

PICTURE.

CURTAIN.

ACT III.

TIME—1st of October.

COSTUMES—Country.

SCENE—Exterior "*ON THE SAHARA.*" Set house "*R.*," steps leading to house. Fence running from "*R. 3 E.*" to "*L. 3 E.*" Gate "*C*" in fence. Wood wings and wood flat.

AT RISE OF CURTAIN—*MR. VAN TWILLER* is dozing upon bench near set house. *SYBLE* sits beside him, paring potatoes. *GERTRUDE* manipulates a churn "*R.*" and *PERCY* is sawing wood with a melancholy movement near "*L. 2 E.*" *MRS. VAN TWILLER* enters from "*D.*" in house, in a huge apron and with a rolling-pin.

NOTE—A locket, corresponding to the one in *Percy's* possession, is lying near where he is sawing wood.

MRS. VAN. Van Twiller, bring in an armfull of wood!

MR. VAN. [*waking*] Ah—um.

MRS. VAN. I said an armfull of wood; and be quick about it.

MR. VAN. But, my darling?

MRS. VAN. Did you hear me!

MR. VAN. Yes, my love.

Exit *Mrs. Van Twiller* "*D*" in house. *Van Twiller* crosses to *Percy*, gathers up small armfull of wood, and staggers with it to and exits "*D*" in house.

GER. Syble, does it seem six months since that awful day when Wilber left us?

SYB. It seems much longer to me.

Percy produces large piece of side-meat and greases his saw.

GER. And to think we have never heard from him in all that time. It's just like him. But he'll surprise us some day.

SYB. You may be sure he will never come back until he has repaired the wrong he has done.

Percy commences to saw.

GER. Your faith in him is very sweet, Syble; and I shall tell him about it when he returns. Ah, do look at Percy; working away as if life offered nothing more intoxicating than a saw-horse.

SYB. Yes; but he has been a great comfort to us. [*knowingly*] Did you ever think it queer, Gertrude; he should be content to remain here so long?

Percy stops sawing wood and greases his saw with the side-meat.

GER. [*blushing*] Well, he does seem to like the country; doesn't he? But then, you know, his father sent him to see it?

SYB. I am afraid, however, he's not getting as extended a view of America as his father intended; his observations at present seem to be confined to a very narrow limit.

Mrs. VAN. [*within*] Syble, bring in the potatoes!

SYB. Yes, madam. [*rises and crosses to "D" in house*] I'm certain you'll have something to answer for in that direction, young lady.

Points at Percy, laughs and exits.

GER. [*sits upon bench near churn*] Well, I believe he is fond of me. I wonder what sort of a husband he'd make? He'd be amusing, anyway; and I always did like to be amused. [*to Percy*] Arn't you tired?

PEC'. [*who has been watching her, drops the side-meat and saw*] Y-a-a-s. [*X's to her*] I say, churning is pretty hard work; isn't it? You must be tired?

GER. I am. See, my hands are all covered with blisters.

PEC'. [*sits beside her*] You don't say! Let me see? It's a beastly shame for you to do this, you know. These hands were made for something better.

GER. Oh, I don't know; I think this sort of thing is taking the nonsense out of me. I used to be frivolous.

PEC'. Indeed?

GER. And see how sedate I am now.

Gertrude assumes a prude expression and Percy eyes her doubtfully.

PEC'. Y-a-a-s.

GER. [*shows him the palms of her hands*] And this is the frivolity coming out.

He takes her hand; she playfully withdraws it and crosses to churn.

GER. It's hard to be frivolous with a churning and a wash-day every week.

PEC'. [*aside, on bench*] I wonder if I will ever pluck up courage to ask her to marry me? I suppose the Gov'nor would cage; but d—n the Gov'nor. He never asked my consent when he married my mother. I'll have to settle it soon, for I'm 'bout out of excuses for staying here; and, besides, the first thing I know, the Gov'nor'll be after me.

GER. [*who has been looking to see if the butter is coming*] Don't you often wonder what your father thinks of your long absence?

PEC'. Y-a-a-s; but I don't care. He always insisted I was bull-headed, and I don't think it's right to get the credit of being a thing like that unless you really are. I suppose he thinks I'm following a girl with a locket through a country where they never write letters.

GER. But I should think you'd get homesick on this desert?

PEC'. [*X's to her*] Oh, no—I—well; let me help you churn! [*aside*] Great Caesar, that was a chance to say something nice!

Business of confusion of hands in Percy's attempts to take hold of the churn-handle.

GER. You'd better not. You haven't answered my question?

PEC'. Well—no, I never get home-sick; for there's something here that keeps it from being a desert to me. [*aside*] Lud, how nice. [*aloud*] I say, let me help you churn?

Same play as above.

GER. Very well.

She leaves churn and comes down "C." He gives the handle several vicious plunges and follows her.

GER. Well, there may be an oasis on the Sahara; but if there is, I have never discovered it.

PEC'. No, of course not; how could you? If you hunted all over the place, you'd never discover yourself.

GER. I guess I had better finish the churning.

PEC'. [*stopping her*] Don't; please. You see, Miss Gertrude, I've been loving you a long time; but I never could pluck up courage to say so. I'm sure you won't think me bull-headed if I say so now. I want you to be my wife. I'm not much of a man, I admit; but the Gov'nor is. And we'll both improve with time, if you'll only have me. Y-a-a-s. What did you say? Eh? Well, silence always gives consent.

Enter Mrs. Van Twiller from "D" in house.

PEC'. I don't want you to love me right away; I don't expect it.

GER. But you dear, kind heart, I do love you.

They embrace. Mrs. Van Twiller gets behind them.

PEC'. Lud, isn't this nice!

Mrs. VAN. Gertrude!

Gertrude runs to the churn, Percy to the saw-horse; both commence working with vigor.

Mrs. VAN. What are you trying to do! [*to Percy*] Stop your sawing! Percy, I'm ashamed of you! [*Percy commences to saw vigorously*] Stop it!

PEC'. Y-a-a-s.

Mrs. VAN. Gertrude, come in the house!

GER. But the churning?

Mrs. VAN. You seemed greatly interested in the churning when I came out. Come with me; Syble will finish the churning!

Mrs. Van Twiller marches Gertrude to "D" in house.

Mrs. VAN. Everything about this place is absurd!

Exit Gertrude and Mrs. Van Twiller "D" in house.

PEC'. [*straddles the saw-horse*] And you're an old simoon! She blows us all up. Poor Gertrude, this is a beastly life for her. I'll end her troubles; I'll marry her in the spring, and carry her off to England. The Gov'nor will cage; but he'll get tired of that. If I could only find the Gov'nor's niece, I think he'd improve. Where's the locket? Ah, here you are. I've been so in love with Gertrude, I'd forgotten all about you. There isn't a locket-girl in this neighborhood; respectable place in that regard. Let me see; I've most forgotten. My aunt, Margeret, married against the Gov'nor's wishes—no, that would be too emotional—unknown to the Gov'nor; to a fellow. I don't know his name; but he had a name, of course. I've got this thing mixed. We will say this is the Gov'nor; [*his thumb*] this is the fellow of no-name; [*his fore-finger*] this is my Aunt Margaret; [*the middle finger*] this is myself; [*the ring-finger*] and this petite affair (*the little finger*) is the girl with the locket. After the marriage ceremony, the fore-finger left the middle-finger with the thumb—who is my Gov'nor. I don't know why; but that isn't this finger's business. When this finger returned, he found this finger in the church-yard and this little fellow in the nursery. Now, I have a full hand. The thumb goes to a fox-chase; the fore-finger takes advantage of the occasion, catches the little-finger asleep and makes away with it. It's as clear as this greaser. (*holds up side-meat*) I don't think the thumb did the square thing by the middle-finger; that's why it get's rheumatic every 4th of March. (*sees locket lying upon stage*) Hello, I didn't know I'd dropped you; I was so—(*feels his locket in his hand and looks at it amazed*) Christopher! I have my locket in my hand and (*picks up locket*) here is another locket! (*changes lockets from hand to hand*) Presto! Still two lockets! This is an optical delusion! No, I'm asleep!

He rises, staggers to bench, falls upon it and pretends to be asleep. Enter Syble from "D" in house.

SYB. Percy, what's the matter!

PEC'. I'm asleep; don't wake me!

SYB. I don't understand.

PEC'. I've got the night-mare! (*jumping up quickly and showing her a locket*) What's this! Tell me, what's this! There's something the matter with me! My eyes are wandering!

SYB. It's my locket; where did you find it?

PEC'. (*shows other locket*) What's that!

SYB. That's my—no; why, they are both alike.

PEC'. How many lockets have I; one or two?

SYB. Two.

PEC'. Which is yours?

SYB. That one. No; this—oh, I don't know.

PEC'. This is no dream?

SYB. No.

Enter Gertrude from "D" in house.

PEC'. I have it! I'm awake! (*dances*) Hurrah! Three cheers! Tiger! (*stopping in front of Syble*) You're the little finger! Ha! Ha! You're the 4th of March! Huzzah! I've found you!

He embraces Syble.

SYB. (*pushing him away*) Percy!

PEC'. It's all right; I'll tell you in a minute! This is the little finger; that's you. Huzzah! Down with the 4th of March! I'll embrace you again! (*embraces her*) You won't mind when you know; you won't; I assure you.

SYB. The boy's mad!

GER. (*behind them*) Percy!

PEC'. (*turns and embraces Gertrude*) Gertrude, I've got her!

SYB. I'll leave him with you, dear; I don't know what's the matter with him.

Syble, laughing, exits "D" in house.

PEC'. Where's she gone! Gertrude, it's all settled; we'll get married in the spring!

GER. (*angrily*) So, I see. (*aside*) The villain!

PEC'. (*on his fingers*) This is the Gov'nor; this is the man of no name; this is my Aunt Margaret; this is myself, and this little unconscious member is Syble. We'll get married in the spring.

He attempts to embrace her.

GER. (*turning on him*) I hate you!

PEC'. (*following her to "R 2 E."*) Eh! You don't understand, Gertrude.

GER. (*backing to exit*) I despise you!

PEC'. Oh, don't say that. You see—

GER. (*interrupting him*) I can't bear the sight of you! Just a moment ago, you were filling my ears with nonsense, and now I catch you filling other ears with nonsense; and, heaven knows, how many ears I know nothing about. You're a mean, deceitful thing; that's what you are!

PEC'. Gertrude!

GER. (*"at R 2 E."*) Mamma always said you were a simpleton, and even if mamma is disagreeable, there is often truth in what she says. You don't know truth from fiction. When I think of it I never want to see you again; I never want to speak to you. I said I loved you. I was fooling. I hate you! (*exit*)

PEC'. Lud, I've got my foot in it somewhere! Gertrude! Gertrude! (*exit "R 2 E."*)

Enter Mrs. Van Twiller from "D" in house.

Mrs. VAN. (*calling*) Gertrude! Ger—trude! G-e-r-t-r-u-d-e! Why have you stopped churning! G-e-r-t-r-u-d-e! This is enough to try the patience of a Sphinx!

She takes dinner-horn, which hangs near door in house, and blows it vigorously, running from one exit to another. Mr. Van Twiller enters from "D" in house. Mrs. Van. blows a blast in his ears.

Mr. VAN. What's up my darling?

Mrs. VAN. Up; Mr. Van Twiller! Up! Have you the heart to ask! What's always up here? Nonsense, ridiculous nonsense; everybody running about like lunatics. Nobody attending to their business like christians. Where's Gertrude? Where's Percy? Where's Twiggs? Where are we! (*blows the trumpet*)

Mr. VAN. I don't know, my love.

Mrs. VAN. Of course, you don't. That's the absurd side of it; you never know anything. What's more, you don't want to; you don't care. (*blows the trumpet*) There isn't a soul on this place to be trusted; even the cow jumps the fence, and away she goes with the rest of you. Finish the churning!

Mr. VAN. But, my darling?

Mrs. VAN. Don't be ridiculous!

Mrs. Van Twiller flounces into the house giving a final flourish upon the trumpet.

Mr. VAN. (*holding his ears*) Um—ah, I'll break that thing. Talk about strong-minded women; shades of my great ancestor, Wouter, protect me. (*he seats himself and commences to churn mechanically*) I don't see why mother see ever married. She didn't need a protector. Ah—um, she has the unction of a spile-driver; she not only sweeps us into a corner but glues us there with her adjectives.

Enter, "R 3 E," Gertrude followed by Percy. He catches and holds her.

PEC'. Hold on! Give a fellow a chance!

GER. Let me go!

PEC'. (*holds up his thumb*) This is the Gov'nor!

Gertrude breaks away and exits "L 3 E;" Percy follows, calling "Gertrude!"

Mr. VAN. (*looking around*) Gertrude! Your mother wants you. Ah—um, gone. (*yawning*) I feel very sleepy. Mother reminds me of my great ancestor, Wouter, Governor of New Amsterdam. [*sleepily churning*] Think mother must be distantly related to the Governor. [*yawning*] Ah—um, Wouter, Governor of New Amsterdam; ah—um, 'dam—'dam—'dam. [*falls asleep*]

MUSIC.

Enter through gate "C" in fence, Lord Featherly, Percy's father, as "Bilks," and Wilber Van Twiller, disguised as "Blutcher," detectives. They enter cautiously and look about them before speaking.

FEATHERLY. Blutcher, you have led me a wild-geese chase. Of all weird; and weather-afflicted places, this is the worst: it has all the elements of perdition. [*dramatically*] My son is not here, Blutcher; not here! Oh, my bull-headed son; my son!

WIL. Gently, sir; you'll raise the neighborhood.

FEA. I don't care. [*with wild gesticulations*] I feel like yelling, and I will yell! Blutcher, you came to me in my despair—all means of discovering the whereabouts of my son had been tried and failed—you came to me then, Blutcher. I do not know from whence. But you came and said: Blutcher will take my case in hand; Blutcher

will place my son beneath my cane. Blutcher, you are like all the rest: you bring me to a desert, where there is no one, and say you will find him here. Blutcher, you are no detective. Oh, my misguided son, where are you! Don't interrupt me! I feel like yelling, and I insist upon it. Blutcher, have you a father's heart in your breast? No! Have you a kingdom without an heir? No! Have you, Oh, Blutcher—[*Mr. Van Twiller snores*] Blutcher, what was that!

Wilber takes Featherly mysteriously to one side.

WIL. Hist!

Mr. Van Twiller snores.

FEA. Eh? Certainly. Hist!

WIL. It's the owner of the place. He's asleep. Shall I waken him?

FEA. Certainly; providing he doesn't look dangerous.

Wilber crosses to Mr. Van Twiller and touches him upon the shoulder.

MR. VAN. [*starting and going through a pantomime of churning*] Yes, my darling!

Wilber laughs aside.

FEA. What does he say?

WIL. He inquires after your health.

FEA. [*doffing his hat*] Thanks; I'm robust.

Wilber touches his father's shoulder again, and he awakens with a start and looks about him.

MR. VAN. [*rising*] Ah—um, visitors! Welcome, to the Sahara! Take a seat. The place is a little out of repairs, gentleman; a little out of repairs, ah—um, but very comfortable; very. Gentlemen, will you accommodate yourselves with the bench.

FEA. I never sit on a bench. Blutcher, withdraw. Honest farmer, I am a detective. My name is Bilks. This gentleman is also a detective. His name is Blutcher. Together we are a pair of detectives. We are looking up my—a bull-headed son, who has broken my—his father's heart. Oh, my—his misguided son! [*Wilber touches his shoulder*] I insist upon it; my—his son! Honest farmer, do you mind my yelling?

MR. VAN. Ah—um, not at all; I'm used to that sort of thing.

FEA. You see, Blutcher. Oh, my—his son! Pardon me; I believe I will sit down.

Featherly crosses to and sits upon bench.

MR. VAN. Ah—um, you have my sympathy.

Featherly and Van Twiller commence to eye each other, rise simultaneously and rush into each others arms.

FEA. Van!

MR. VAN. Feather!

Enter Mrs. Van Twiller from "D" in house.

Mrs. VAN. What's this! More embracing! More nonsense! What do you mean! What are you trying to do? Everybody on this place is going mad. Mr. Van Twiller!

Mr. VAN. Yes, my darling. This is Featherly, my pet; my old, friend, Featherly. This is Blutcher; Blutcher, the detective. Featherly, old boy and Blutcher, detective; this is my wife.

FEA. I am honored.

WIL. And I, madam.

FEA. That will do, Blutcher.

Mrs. Van Twiller bows stiffly.

Mr. VAN. Gentlemen, come inside and have dinner with us?

Mrs. Van Twiller pinches her husband.

Mr. VAN. [*starting*] My love, don't do that again; don't.

Mrs. VAN. [*aside to Van Twiller*] There isn't a thing in the house fit to eat.

Mr. VAN. Oh, my love.

FEA. I'm very hungry. I have used my lungs somewhat, and it always sharpens my appetite. You're camping out here; eh?

Mrs. Van Twiller pinches her husband.

Mr. VAN. Ah—um, yes.

FEA. You always were queer, Van; devilish queer. Don't put yourself to any trouble on my account. A poached egg, a bottle of claret, a small steak and a piece of fowl; oh, anything will do me.

Mrs. VAN. [*aside to Mr. Van.*] Hear the man talk.

FEA. But let us go in. I have my troubles to unload, and the sooner the better—the sooner the better.

Exit Featherly "D" in house followed by Mr. and Mrs. Van Twiller.

WIL. (*takes a survey of the premises*) "Home, Sweet Home;" everything changed except mother. I wonder if Syble is in the house?

Enter Syble from "D" in house.

SYB. Mrs. Van Twiller wants to know if you won't come in, sir?

WIL. (*starting*) Yes. Presently. Wait a moment. I am a detective. My name is Blutcher. I have a few questions to ask. Pardon me, if I become inquisitive.

SYB. That depends upon the nature of your questions, sir.

WIL. May I continue?

SYB. Upon the conditions.

WIL. Mr. Van Twiller had a son who ruined him. (*Syble starts*) Is that too abrupt? Pardon me, if it is. An unsophisticated individual—

SYB. (*interrupting*) Mr. Van Twiller's son was unfortunate. Will you come in, sir.

Syble turns to enter house, Wilber puts out his arms as if undecided whether or not to embrace her.

WIL. [*aside*] I'll have to do it.

SYB. [*turning*] Is there anything I can do for you?

WIL. Yes; wait a moment. I am informed that Mr. Van Twiller's son, instead of remaining with his parents after their reverses, deserted them. Ingratitude; oh, there is nothing in this world so despicable.

SYB. You have been misinformed, sir; he was always kind and considerate.

WIL. [*aside*] Oh, I must do something; take her hand at least.

Syble turns again about to enter house.

WIL. Wait a moment, Miss. I saw Wilber Van Twiller, yesterday.

SYB. [*crossing to him quickly*] When? Where? What was he doing? Was he well?

WIL. [*indifferently*] Quite well; thank you. I have seen him on change very often the last few months, looking down in the mouth and jingling a few large coppers in his pockets. He always came in early and left late, and usually in a blue haze of depression.

SYB. Poor Wilber; how much he has suffered?

WIL. Tortures, Miss; tortures. One afternoon, he met Jorkins. They had an interview. After that they were always seen on change together. That was in August. In the early part of September, his old friends, began shaking hands with me—with him, I mean—which inferred——

SYB. [*interrupting*] He has regained his fortune and is coming home?

WIL. [*looking about him*] Home? Not much, if this is home. He'll purchase the old family castle, marry and settle down. No home like this for Wilber. Ingratitude, as I said before.

SYB. He will return; I'm sure he will. Did he ever speak of us?

WIL. [*aside*] Ah, I'll have to embrace her. [*aloud*] Not a word. Oh, ingratitude; hideous monster! By the way, Wilber fell in love with a sort of niece of the family before he left home.

SYB. Indeed?

WIL. Yes. But she's forgotten him and he—well, he wasn't capable of constancy.

SYB. Did he tell you so?

WIL. Tell me what?

SYB. That he was in love with a sort-of-niece, as you call her?

WIL. A thousand times. He took me into his confidence. She didn't love him.

SYB. No?

WIL. No.

SYB. Sure?

WIL. I never asked her.

SYB. You?

WIL. No; he never asked her.

SYB. Then of course he didn't know?

WIL. No.

SYB. I am slightly acquainted with this sort-of-niece.

WIL. You are?

SYB. Yes.

WIL. Perhaps you could give some information?

SYB. Perhaps.

WIL. Eh?

SYB. [*crossing to "D" in house*] You won't tell him?

WIL. No.

SYB. She loves him.

WIL. [*following her*] She does?

SYB. You had better come in.

Exit Syble "D" in house. Wilber stands upon threshold watching her.

WIL. Syble! She loves me. Blutcher you have made Wilber Van Twiller happy.

He is about to enter, comes in contact with Lord Featherly who is coming out "D" in house, followed by Mr. Van Twiller.

FEA. Blutcher, your pardon.

WIL. Don't mention it.

FEA. Blutcher, you are the king of detectives. The young scapegrace is here; has been here all the time, making butter and cultivating cereals.

Mr. VAN. Ah—um, detective.

FEA. Think of it, Blutcher; a Featherly in the butter business! Yes, Blutcher, but that's not all; he is at this very moment with Van Twiller's daughter. Heaven knows where; but no matter where, somewhere, making wholesale love. Yes, and he has a sweetheart in England dying for him. My cane quivers to teach him his duty to her, to his home and his loving father. (*he flourishes his cane over his head*) I'll break every bone in his body! Come!

Mr. VAN. But, Feather, old boy?

FEA. I insist upon it!

Featherly hauls Van Twiller off "R 2 E." Wilber follows laughing. Enter "L 3 E," Gertrude, very tired and mussed up. She runs to and falls exhausted upon bench.

GER. Oh, but I'm tired! Anyway, I've lost him; the deceitful thing! What do I care about his thumbs and fingers. That has nothing to do with his kissing her. (*imitating Percy*) "This is the Gov'nor." The old thing! It was real mean of Syble to let him; it was! (*weeps*)

Enter Percy "L 3 E" out of breath, sees Gertrude and runs to her.

PEC'. Oh, there you are! You're not crying?

GER. Yes, I am.

PEC'. Wait 'till I get my breath, and I'll ask you not to.

GER. Don't catch your breath on my account.

PEC'. We're the victims of a circumstance. Now I have you; y-a-a-s, I'll explain it.

GER. Go way; I won't listen!

PEC'. But I insist. (*on his fingers*) This is the Gov'nor.

GER. Thumbs, again?

PEC'. Y-a-a-s; thumbs. This is the man of no name; this is my Aunt Margaret——

GER. I can't see the resemblance.

PEC'. And you never will if you keep on interrupting me. This is——

GER. Your grandmother?

PEC'. Y-a-a-s; and this is Syble.

GER. Where do I come in?

PEC'. You don't come in this.

GER. Indeed!

PEC'. Y-a-a-s; you're the full hand. (*talking quickly*) After the ceremony, the fore-finger left the middle-finger with the thumb. The fore-finger went away and came back and found this finger in the church yard and this finger in the nursery. The thumb being at a fox chase; the fore-finger catches the little-finger asleep and makes away with it. Do you see?

Enter "R 3 E" Featherly, followed by Van Twiller. Gertrude rises, comes down "C" Percy follows.

PEC'. Do you see?

GER. See; what?

FEA. (*to Van Twiller*) What did I tell you, Van!

Mr. VAN. (*holding Featherly*) Don't make an ass of yourself, Featherly; don't!

PEC'. (*to Gertrude*) Do you know what I've been talking about?

GER. No.

PEC'. This is the Gov'nor.

GER. Your Gov'nor is a simpleton!

PEC'. Eh!

FEA. (*aside*) The minx!

Featherly flourishes his cane and tries to loosen Van Twiller's hold on his coat-tails

Mr. VAN. Be calm, Featherly; be calm!

GER. (*to Percy*) Papa said he was a simpleton.

Featherly gives Van Twiller a withering look. Van. opens his mouth to speak but doesn't.

PEC'. Well, nobody said he wasn't. That isn't it.

FEA. (*same play as above*) Eh! You young scapegrace!

PEC'. (*holding up his thumb*) This is the Gov'nor!

FEA. (*breaking away from Van Twiller, comes forward and between Percy and Gertrude*) Damme! its no such thing; I'm the Gov'nor!

GER. Oh!

PEC'. (*falling upon his knees*) The Gov'nor! Oh, lud!

FEA. [*flourishing his cane dramatically above his head*] I'll break every bone in your body!

Mr. VAN. [*holding Featherly by his coat tails*] Feather, look out; you'll hurt yourself!

FEA. [*same play*] I must, Van; I must!

Enter hurriedly from "D" in house, Mrs. Van Twiller and Syble Reed. Enter from "R3 E." Wilber Van Twiller.

Mrs. VAN. What are you all trying to do! Sit down!

FEA. (*same play*) Pardon me, madam; but I've got to break every bone in his body! It's an unpleasant duty I owe his mother! Ingrate, what have you got to say for yourself?

PEC'. (*rises and crosses to Syble*) Gov'nor, I have found the "4th of March!" (*embracing Syble*) You broke every bone in her poor mother's body; break one of mine at your peril!

FEA. (*dropping his cane*) What!

Wilber comes forward, takes Syble's hand and drags her away from Percy.

Wil. Is this the way you love Wilber Van Twiller!

SYB. How dare you!

FEA. How dare you, Blutcher!

WIL. (*throwing off his disguise*) I am not Blutcher! I am Wilber Van Twiller!

All start back amazed. Gertrude throws herself into Wilber's arms.

PICTURE.

CURTAIN.

ACT IV.

TIME—Two weeks later.

SCENE—Same as Act I.

AT RISE OF CURTAIN—Enter "D. C." TWIGGS reading newspaper.

TWIG. Well! (*crosses to table reading*) "From reverses to opulence. The victims of Jorkins & Jorkins arise from the ashes of disaster. And return in splendor to the home of their ancestors. A very interesting and romantic account of a young man's devotion and energy." Isn't that splendid! (*reads*) "On the 10th of last March, the firm of Jorkins & Jorkins was suspended. (*Enter "D C" Mr. and Mrs. Van Twiller*) "At the time of the financial crash——"

Mrs. VAN. Twiggs, leave the room.

Twiggs exits "D C," hurriedly.

Mr. VAN. (*sitting near table*) It seems rather pleasant to be in the old home.

Mrs. VAN. Eh? Well, don't get sentimental over it; you're too old for that.

Mr. VAN. And just to think Syble is Featherly's niece. Good girl; will make a splendid wife for Wilber.

Mrs. VAN. She will make nothing of the sort. Hasn't a penny. It's absurd.

Mr. VAN. But, my darling?

Mrs. VAN. There; I won't be argued with. I have other plans for Wilber.

Mr. VAN. Ah—um, my love; Wilber consulted me in regard to the matter and I, ah—um, gave my consent. I was sure you would agree with me; you know, my love you always do(?)

Mrs. VAN. What!

Mr. VAN. Ah—um, I said he could marry her.

Mrs. VAN. Van Twiller, you're an idiot!

Mr. VAN. My pet?

Mrs. VAN. I will settle this affair immediately. Where's Wilber?

Mr. VAN. I don't know.

Mrs. VAN. Umph! I will see him at once. (*exit "D C."*)

Mr. VAN. Ah—um, mother is too lively for any use. She tries to run the whole house; ah—um, and she does to a certain extent. What a pity she doesn't sleep more. (*yawning*) I can't get it out of my head that she isn't connected in some way to my illustrious ancestor, Wouter, Governor of New Amsterdam. (*nodding*) I can't get it out of my head. Second-cousin to the Governor; Governor of New Amsterdam, ah—um—'dam—'dam. (*falls asleep*)

Twiggs appears at "D C."

TWIG. Lord Featherly!

Mr. VAN. (*asleep*) Ah—um, 'dam.

Exit Twiggs and enter Featherly.

FEA. Well, Van!

Mr. VAN. (*asleep*) Yes, my love.

FEA. Eh?

Mr. VAN. (*dreaming*) Welcome, to the Sahara!

FEA. (*shaking him*) Van!

Mr. VAN. (*starting up*) Don't do that again! Don't! Oh, it's you, Featherly?

FEA. Yes.

Mr. VAN. Sit down. I am delighted to see you. I was indulging in a quiet snooze when you came in. Ah—um, take a seat.

FEA. Thanks; I haven't time. I can only stay a moment. We sail for England this afternoon.

Mr. VAN. So?

FEA. Yes. I have procured staterooms for Percy, Syble and myself; and now they inform me, the young rascals, they have decided not to sail. Was a man ever so pestered with a bull-headed ingrate on one hand and a love-sick niece on the other? Mark it, Van; they sail this afternoon, if I have them ironed and carried aboard the steamer. Pardon me; I believe, I will sit down.

Mr. VAN. You have my sympathy. Where are the young people?

FEA. (*rising*) They're below. That reminds me they are not to be trusted in each other's company. The truth of it is, Van, that wild-headed offspring of mine is in love with your daughter.

Mr. VAN. With Gertrude?

FEA. Yes, with Gertrude. Excellent young lady; but I have disposed of Percy's future otherwise. Butterfield's daughter has half a million in her own right, and she's pining for him.

Mr. VAN. Does he love her?

FEA. Damme, no; of course not. But he's got to marry her; it's a duty he owes his father. But I am losing time while they're improving it. (*takes Van's hand*) Good-bye, Van; when you visit England, remember Evergreen Manor.

Mr. VAN. Pleasant journey, Featherly.

FEA. I will send Percy and Syble up to say good-bye. Farewell!

Exit Featherly "D C."

Mr. VAN. Queer man, Featherly; quite an old simpleton in his way. Ah—um, but I must finish my snooze. Everytime I snooze lately, I dream of the Sahara. (*yawning*) It's becoming quite a nightmare. I used to dream of Wouter, my illustrious ancestor, Governor of New Amsterdam. (*nodding*) Poor Wouter. I wonder if he ever lived on the Sahara. Ah—um, on the Sahara.

Falls asleep. Enter "D L," hurriedly, Mrs. Van. Twiller.

Mrs. VAN. Van Twiller!

Mr. VAN. (*asleep*) Ah—um, pleasant journey, Featherly.

Mrs. VAN. (*shaking him*) Van Twiller!

Mr. VAN. (*starting up*) Yes, my darling.

Mrs. VAN. Sleeping again?

Mr. VAN. Trying to, my pet.

Mrs. VAN. How can you! It's absurd!

Mr. VAN. Quite absurd.

Mrs. VAN. Eh?

Mr. VAN. My, darling, you seem excited?

Mrs. VAN. Excited! Umph! There is a respectable magazine under us about to explode!

Mr. VAN. My love, you don't mean it!

Mrs. VAN. (*mysteriously*) Boom!

Mr. VAN. Eh!

Mrs. VAN. (*hauling him to "D C"*) Come with me!

Mr. VAN. But, my darling. (*exit*)

Laughing within. Enter "D C" Percy, Gertrude, Wilber and Syble. Gertrude carries her hat in her hand, which she places upon table soon after entering.

WIL. In reverses or prosperity, mother is always the same.

SYB. Wilber, what did she want with you?

WIL. Nothing; that is, worth mentioning. Ah, Percy, you and mother must have had it on the Sahara?

PEC'. Had it, my dear fellow; I assure you, we did. It was, "Percy, saw wood!" it was, "Percy, run to the village!" Why, really; it was "Percy!" from six in the morning until bed-time. Lud! I used to get so tired it became an effort to breathe.

All laugh.

PEC'. That's right; laugh. And there was wash-day; Great Cæsar, Gertrude, do you remember wash day! Your hair flopping up and down, every time you went up and down in the tub; your eyes red with the suds and your calico gown stained with soap and water.

All laugh.

GER. I deny the wash-day.

PEC'. It's true; isn't it, Syble?

SYB. Certainly; and while you were talking, I was trying to remember what her mamma compared her to?

PEC'. So was I; queer, isn't it? One of those things that slop about in ponds regardless; don't you know?

SYB. A hippopotamus.

GER. It's outrageous!

PEC'. Y-a-a-s; she called you a hippopotamus. [*laughs*]

WIL. Quite appropriate for the Sahara.

PEC'. Lud, it makes me laugh.

GER. Percy!

PEC'. Eh?

GER. Stop laughing; it bores me terribly.

PEC'. I beg your pardon.

GER. [*sitting down upon settee "L."*] Percy, come here, and sit beside me. [*making room for him*] I want to talk to you.

PEC'. [*sitting beside her*] All right.

Wilber and Syble occupy settee "R."

GER. [*to Percy*] When do you return to England?

PEC'. [*getting very close to her*] When somebody makes up her mind to return with me.

Percy looks over his shoulder at Wilber and Syble, goes through an undecided pantomime and takes Gertrude's hand. During this the following.

WIL. Your uncle seems determined to sail for England this afternoon; but, surely you will not accompany him?

SYB. I don't see how I can avoid it.

Wilber looks over his shoulder at Percy and Gertrude; same play. During which the following:

PEC'. I thought it was all settled?

GER. What?

Same play. Puts ring on Gertrude's finger.

WIL. Is not this an argument to keep you here?

SYB. A ring?

Same play. Puts ring on Syble's finger.

PEC'. We will be married in the spring.

GER. At Trinity.

PEC'. And we will spend our honeymoon——

GER. "On the Sahara."

Same play. They embrace.

SYB. What will your mother say?

WIL. She'll be delighted(?)

Same play. They embrace.

GER. What will your father say?

PEC'. He'll go into ecstasies; he'll roll all over himself.

Same play. Percy kisses Gertrude. Wilber kisses Syble. Percy and Wilber wiuk at each other and repeat the business. Enter, "D C," Mrs. Van Twiller followed by her husband.

Mrs. VAN. [*to Mr. Van.*] What did I tell you! Wilber! Gertrude!

All rise startled from settees.

Mrs. VAN. What are you all trying to do! Gertrude, go to your room!

GER. But, mamma?

Mrs. VAN. Go to your room and—sit down!

WIL. Mother!

Mrs. VAN. [*to Wilber*] Not a word! [*to Percy who is following Gertrude to "D L."*] Where are you going?

PEC'. With Gertrude.

Mrs. VAN. [*throwing up her hands*] Well!

Exit Gertrude "D L."

PEC'. You see, it's all settled; in the spring, at Trinity, "On the Sahara." [*exit "D L."*]

Mrs. VAN. Well! [*to Wilber, who has taken Syble's arm and is leading her to "D R."*] Wilber, where are you going?

WIL. To a more congenial clime. Mother, we have fixed it.

Mrs. VAN. Fixed what?

WIL. It's a secret at present; but you shall know in time to prepare a banquet. [*exit with Syble "D R."*]

Mrs. VAN. [*falling upon a chair*] It's gone up!

Mr. VAN. What, my love?

Mrs. VAN. The magazine. [*rising*] It's absurd! I won't allow it!

Enter hurriedly, "D C," Lord Featherly.

FEA. Excuse me, for coming in unannounced. I was informed my son had returned to the hotel. I have been at the hotel. He is not there. Who knows—oh, my son!

Mrs. VAN. My lord, it's all up; your son is with Gertrude, and my son is with your niece.

FEA. Which way?

Mrs. VAN. Anyway.

FEA. I'll break every bone in his body if he marries her.

Featherly rushes to "D L," and "D R," and then out "D C," each time crossing Mrs. Van.

Mrs. VAN. I'll disown him if he marries her.

Exit Mrs. Van Twiller "D R."

Mr. VAN. [*seated*] Ah—um, I wonder what my great ancestor would do if he were here. He might say, the young folks had pluck; that Featherly was as unctious as my wife, and that my wife was disturbing the peace and deserved a reprimand. [*yawning*] Not so, my worthy ancestor. History tells us, during the most intricate situations, he called for a pot of beer, and dozed off. Sensible man, my illustrious ancestor, Wouter, Governor of New Amsterdam. Ah—um, 'dam—'dam—'dam. [*falls asleep*]

Enter "D C," Lord Featherly and Percy. They come down "C."

FEA. We sail for England this afternoon?

PEC'. Y-a-a-s.

FEA. What do you mean, by y-a-a-s?

PEC'. Y-a-a-s.

FEA. I'll disown you, if you marry Gertrude; remember, I'll cut you off without a shilling.

PEC'. I say, Gov'nor; don't get tragic. What do you want me to do?

FEA. Return to England and marry Butterfield's daughter. Fine estate——

PEC'. Of red hair.

FEA. With half a million, you should't mind that.

PEC'. I don't. Well?

FEA. Well?

PEC'. I'll do it. Here's my hand upon it.

FEA. No; come to my arms. [*they embrace*]

PEC'. [*winking over his father's shoulder—aside*] Anything for peace.

FEA. Percy, you have lifted a load off my heart; you have filled my heart with joy. Remain here; I will go below and prepare Syble for the journey. [*turning*] Ah, Van, asleep? Good-bye, Van; when you visit England, remember Evergreen Manor?

MR. VAN. (*stirs*) Ah—um!

Exit "D C," Featherly. Enter "D R," Wilber and Mrs. Van Twiller.

MRS. VAN. There; I knew you would be sensible. I am sure, nothing would induce you to take such a foolish step?

WIL. Nothing(?)

MRS. VAN. She sails for England this afternoon, and you will soon forget her?

WIL. No doubt of it(?)

PEC'. [*coming forward*] Mrs. Van Twiller, my father wishes to see you in the parlor.

MRS. VAN. Dear man, I will see him at once. [*at D C.*] Wilber?

WIL. Yes, mother.

MRS. VAN. Remember; don't be ridiculous. [*exit.*]

PEC'. It's all up!

WIL. Not at all, my dear fellow. I anticipated this and prepared for it. Business experience has taught me to look ahead for breakers.

PEC'. Hist! Your Gov'nor. [*points at Mr. Van.*]

WIL. Snoozing. [*crosses to his father*] Father?

MR. VAN. [*asleep*] Ah—um, my love.

WIL. He won't interrupt us. [*coming down "C."*—*hands Percy a marriage certificate*] First, read that.

PEC'. [*reads*] "Percy Featherly and Gertrude Van Twiller." Capital!

WIL. Secondly, read that.

PEC'. (reads) "Wilber Van Twiller and Syble Reed." Almost as good as firstly. (returns certificates)

WIL. Thirdly; a letter to be left with father. Fourthly; bring the girls here and win their consent. Fifthly; Brown, minister, next door. Sixthly; slip away, get married, return and face the music.

PEC'. The very thing. I'll get the girls. Look out for my Gov'nor. (exit "D. L.")

MR. VAN. (dreaming) Ah—um, Featherly; welcome, to the Sahara!

WIL. (crossing to him) Dreaming? (crosses to "D C" and looks out; Mr. Van opens his eyes and watches him,) Ah, if mother only slept as much as you.

MR. VAN. (winks knowingly—aside) Ah—um, if she only did.

WIL. Now for thirdly. (crosses to desk and commences to write hurriedly) "My dear mamma:" What next? (thinks and writes) That's capital! (laughs—Mr. Van sits up and looks at Wilber; Wilber turns—business of falling asleep on the part of Mr. Van.) "From your affectionate son, WILBER." (holds up letter) Thirdly!

Enter "D L," Percy with Gertrude and Syble,

WIL. Oh, you've come at last. Now, for fifthly. My dears, you see how the land lays; Percy has explained?

GER. No.

PEC'. Well, the Gov'nor is determined Syble and I shall return to England, this afternoon, and we are determined to—

MR. VAN. (dreaming) Churn, my love; a Van Twiller churn!

All start, turn and look at Mr. Van Twiller who, during the following scene, keeps one eye open.

WIL. Proceed; he's sleeping.

PEC'. I'll fix it with Gertrude, you with Syble; I never could with you all looking at me.

Each couple take opposite sides of the stage and commence going through a pantomime of explanations.

MR. VAN. (dreaming) Stocks booming. Wilber here. Wilber, I knew you would return. Leave the Sahara. Old home. Welcome, to the Old Home.

GER'. (to Percy) Run away? Never! No *trousseau*, no presents, no nothing; no Miss So-&-so eyeing me from the front pew, and no old maids predicting evil in the vestibule? I couldn't think of it. I'll have a banquet before I have a husband, or I should forget after the ceremony I was married.

PEC'. That settles it. (more pantomime)

WIL. (to Syble) I will make it all right with mother.

SYB. Wilber, I couldn't; indeed, I couldn't.

Wilber indulges in more pantomime.

MR. VAN. (dreaming) Why have you stopped churning?

PEC'. (to Gertrude) Very well, then I'll go home with the Gov'nor. It's either Brown, next door, or England, three thousand miles away.

GER. But, Percy, there must be some other way.
 PEC'. Suggest it. (*crosses to Wilber*) Wilber, how are you
 progresssing?
 WIL. Not at all.
 PEC'. Ditto.
 WIL. (*crossing to Gertrude*) Gertrude, what's the matter?
 GER. You advise this?
 WIL. Certainly.
 GER. Nonsense!

Wilber indulges in more pantomime.

MR. VAN. It's getting dull "On the Sahara."
 PEC'. (*to Syble*) Syble, dear coz, it's the only thing; take my
 oath on it.
 SYB. But Mrs. Van Twiller?
 PEC'. Bother Mrs. Van Twiller.
 MRS. VAN. (*within*) Lord Featherly!

Percy and Wilber recross.

WIL. (*to Syble*) It's Brown or England.
 PEC'. (*to Gertrude*) It's next door or Evergreen Manor.
 GER. (*to Syble*) Syble?
 SYB. Gertrude?
 GER. Brown.
 SYB. Next door.
 PEC'. Bravo!
 WIL. Hurry; get your wraps! I hear mother! We will meet you
 below!

Exit Syble and Gertrude "D L."

WIL. Percy, wait a moment. (*crosses to his father*) Now, for
 thirdly. Father.
 MR. VAN. Yes, Twiggs.
 WIL. A letter.
 MR. VAN. Yes, Twiggs.

Wilber puts the letter in his father's hand. Mrs. Van., within, calls "Lord Featherly!"

PEC'. That's your mother!
 WIL. Yes. Come!

Exit, "D L," Wilber and Percy.

MR. VAN. (*sitting upright and laughing*) Ah—um, so the
 youngsters thought I was asleep. Eh? Oh, yes; the letter. This
 looks like business. This is the first time in my life I've had a
 chance to get ahead of mother. I'll help the young folks out. (*steps
 within*) Ah—um, somebody's coming! I must snooze off again.

He falls back in his chair and snores. Enter "D L," Gertrude with cloak over her
 shoulder and tugging at her gloves.

GER. I wonder where my hat is! I've hunted high and low for
 it. (*rushes about room*) Oh, papa! (*catches herself*)

MR. VAN. [*forgetting himself*] Yes, Gertrude. [*catches himself*]

GER. Oh, I've wakened him; and he'll tell mamma! [*gets behind him*] Papa, are you asleep?

MR. VAN snores and winks at the audience. Gertrude leans over his chair, looks at him and then tip-toes about room; finds her hat and gets in front of glass to adjust it.

GER. Oh, I'll never be married this way again—never! I'm frightened to death! It's no fun at all! Anyway, it's a comfort to know my hat is becoming.

PEC'. (*within*) Gertrude!

GER. Coming!

Enter, "D C," Mrs. Van Twiller; sees Gertrude.

MRS. VAN. Gertrude, what are you trying to do!

Percy peeps in "D L," takes in the situation and exits accordingly.

GER. Oh, mamma; is it you! (*aside*) My, how I'll have to ~~be~~ get out of this!

MRS. VAN. What have you your wraps on for? I thought I sent you to your room? Where are you going?

GER. Mamma, your just the person I wanted to see.

MR. VAN. (*aside*) No. one!

MRS. VAN. What do you want?

GER. Well, you see, mamma; you see, mamma—

MRS. VAN. I see you're making a fool of yourself.

GER. Well, mamma; I've had such a shock. Poor, dear Lord Featherly—

MRS. VAN. What's the matter with him?

GER. He's been taken with— (*aside*) I wonder what he's been taken with?

MR. VAN. (*aside*) Ah—um, stuck.

MRS. VAN. Well?

GER. He's been taken with fits; and I've got to go for the doctor.

MRS. VAN. Send Twiggs!

GER. No, mamma. Poor, dear, lame, old Twiggs; he'd die before Twiggs got back.

MRS. VAN. Then go for the doctor. Where's Percy?

GER. I don't know.

Percy peeps in "D L," and Gertrude motions him to exit, which he does.

MRS. VAN. What was that!

GER. Oh, nothing but the wind. Lord Featherly is in the parlor; go to him, mamma.

MRS. VAN. I'll go to him at once. Hurry, Gertrude; go for the doctor. (*at "D C."*) Poor man; apoplexy!

Exit Mrs. Van Twiller "D C." Gertrude follows her mother to exit and looks out. Enter, "D L," Percy.

PEC'. Are you coming!

GER. Your father's coming!

PEC'. The Gov'nor?

GER. Hide yourself!

PEC'. Oh, lud!

Percy hides behind the settee. Enter, "D C," hurriedly, Lord Featherly.

FEA. Gertrude.

GER. Yes, sir.

FEA. I trust you are an honest girl?

GER. Yes, sir.

FEA. I have been all over the house; in the kitchen, in the attic; in the conservatory; and he was not to be found in any of those places. Where is he? Where is my son?

GER. He's with mamma, in the parlor. Haven't you heard; she's very ill? She's got—— (*aside*) I wonder what mamma's got? (*aloud*) Oh, she's got palpitations; and I'm going after the doctor. Won't you please go to her?

FEA. Certainly; I'll go at once. In the parlor, did you say?

GER. In the parlor.

Exit "D C," Featherly.

PEC'. (*coming from behind settee*) That was real clever.

GER. Clever! Look at all the lies I've had to tell for you! Is my hat straight? (*running to glass*) Don't ever ask me to get married this way again; because I won't. Come, we haven't a second to lose; they'll be back!

Takes Percy's hand, draws him after her. Exit "D L."

Mr. VAN. (*sitting up*) Ah—um, I never would have thought it of Gertrude. (*steps within*) That's mother. I know her step. (*falls back in his chair and snores*)

Enter, "D R," Mrs. Van Twiller.

Mrs. VAN. I wonder where that poor man is. (*crosses to Mr. Van*) Sleeping again. What stupidity.

Mrs. Van looks out "D C."

Mr. VAN. (*aside—rising and looking at her*) That settles it; I'm with the young folks. (*falls back in his chair and snores*)

Mrs. VAN. (*seeing Lord Featherly*) Ah, there you are!

Enter Featherly "D C."

Mrs. VAN. My daughter informed me of your indisposition, and sent me to minister to your comfort.

FEA. Minister——

Mrs. VAN. (*interrupting*) You have my sympathy.

FEA. (*surprised*) I'm sure, I'm much obliged; but your daughter——

Mrs. VAN. (*interrupting*) Has gone for the doctor. Rest easy, sir; the doctor will soon be here.

FEA. Ah, dear madam, I was not aware you were subject to palpitations.

Mrs. VAN. Palpitations! Absurd! Ridiculous!

FEA. I see you are agitated. Madam, pray be seated.

Mrs. VAN. Eh!

FEA. I know, madam, what it is to have an obdurate family; a wild-headed son, &c., *etcetera*. When I was Bilks and your son was Blutcher, I felt the pangs of the situation and came very near to palpitations. I assure you, you have my sympathy.

Mrs. VAN. What are you talking about?

FEA. Don't, I pray you, try to suppress your agitation. It will break forth. It must break forth. Weep, if you feel like it. Sob. Convulse yourself. I shall not consider it a discrepancy in your make up. Heaven forbid! When I was Bilks, I was soaked with grief; but I gave it vent. In times of palpitations, there is nothing like ventilation. Nothing.

Mrs. VAN. (*aside*) Poor man, he is so overcome he doesn't know what he is talking about.

FEA. There; I see you have made up your mind to weep. That is right. I am to meet my son and niece below. They are waiting for me. (*Mr. Van winks and snores*) Good-bye; when you visit England, remember Evergreen Manor. (*crosses to "D C."*)

Mrs. VAN. (*aside*) How his thoughts wander. (*crossing to and detaining him at "D C."*) I cannot allow you to go. You are too overcome to stand. It's ridiculous! Sit down.

FEA. (*bewildered*) But, madam!

Mrs. VAN. I insist upon it. You are in no condition to say or do anything. Your case calls for repose. You look apoplectic. You are apoplectic. Sit down!

She forces him to be seated. He looks bewilderingly about him. Mr. Van shakes with suppressed laughter.

Mrs. VAN. (*crosses and shakes her husband*) Van Twiller, wake up! Lord Featherly has had a stroke——

FEA. (*interrupting and rising*) Madam, I——

Mrs. VAN. (*interrupting*) I insist upon it. Sit down! (*he does*) Van Twiller, wake up!

Mr. VAN. Yes, my love.

Mrs. VAN. [*discovering letter in husband's hand*] What have you in your hand?

Mr. VAN. Ah—um, a letter. Let me see; I believe I was asleep. Why, my love; it's directed to you. Queer. I don't remember anyone handing it to me.

Mrs. VAN. [*takes letter—opens it*] Yes, it is for me.

An occasional look from Mrs. Van keeps Lord Featherly in his seat during the above and the reading of the letter.

Mr. VAN. [*aside*] Now look out for an explosion.

Mrs. VAN. Van Twiller, attend to Lord Featherly. [*reads*] "MY DEAR MAMMA:" Why, this is from my son. What does this mean! [*reads*] "There are times when obedience leads us astray." [*repeats*] "There are times, &c." Absurd nonsense! Van Twiller, who gave you this letter?

Mr. VAN. Didn't I tell you, my love; I don't know anything about it.

Mrs. VAN. [*reads*] "What we are doing now is to escape the punishment of the above, newly-invented saw." Saw? Um! What saw? Ah! [*reads*] "There are times when obedience leads us astray." Umph! [*reads*] "While you read, we hold our futures in our arms." Hold our futures in our arms. Ridiculous! [*reads*] "We go forth four, we return two." Eh! [*reads*] "You will be angry; but anger, we have argued, is of shorter life than disappointment. Before you have finished reading this——" [*screams*] Lord Featherly, read it!

Mr. VAN. [*aside*] The fuse has burnt itself to the powder.

Featherly reads the letter, drops it and commences tearing his hair.

FEA. I'll not stand it! I'll cane him! I'll break every bone in his body! I'll—oh, my misguided son; my son!

Featherly falls upon chair and slaps the table with his hands. Mrs. Van Twiller walks excitedly up and down stage; stops in front of her husband.

Mrs. VAN. And you knew all about this, Van Twiller?

Mr. VAN. Knew all about what, my love?

Mrs. VAN. Don't argue with me!

Mr. VAN. How can I argue with you, my pet, when I don't know what you're talking about?

Mrs. VAN. Was there ever such another blockhead! [*to Featherly*] Where's the letter?

FEA. There; on the floor.

Mrs. VAN. Did they say where they intended to go?

FEA. [*rising*] I didn't look!

Mrs. VAN. Nor I!

Both grab for the letter; heads bump, ask each other's pardons, tear the letter asunder, each getting a page which they look over carefully.

FEA. Not a word.

Mrs. VAN. Not a syllable.

FEA. What shall we do?

Mrs. VAN. Remain here.

FEA. But they'll get married!

Mrs. VAN. Of course they will!

Mr. VAN. Ah—um, my pet, you know boys will be boys.

Mrs. VAN. [*turning to her husband*] You knew all about this! You helped them on! I don't know why you did it; but you did!

FEA. Van Twiller, you are no longer a friend of mine! I abjure you! You knew it! Oh, I don't know what you knew; but you did know!

Mrs. VAN. Yes, of course he did!

Mr. VAN. [*puffing—aside*] I think they've said enough to arouse my Dutch. [*aloud*] Don't say another word! I don't know what you're talking about, and I don't want to know; but you have accused me and I have a right to be angry. And I am angry!

Look at me! My great ancestor, Wouter, would have boiled you both in a Dutch pot for saying less. The days for boiling people in Dutch pots are over. It's a great pity. You both, ah—um deserve a Dutch execution!

Mrs. VAN. Van Twiller, are you going mad!

Mr. VAN. I feel the spirit of my great ancestor rising within me! It has been accused and it writhes with vexation!

Mrs. VAN. Our son and daughter have run away; think how vulgar that is!

Mr. VAN. I don't care if they have; so they come back. I have been commanded to silence! I have been ignored! Cowed! In private, I could endure it; in company, I lose patience!

Mrs. VAN. Our son is married to a girl who hasn't a penny.

Mr. VAN. So much the better; he has enough for both. I give my consent.

FEA. And my son is married—

Mr. VAN. [*interrupting*] To a girl too good for him.

FEA. Sir!

Mr. VAN. But I give my consent.

FEA. Sir!

Mr. VAN. Sir! What do you mean by sir! It's an open insult; ah—um, damme, sir! What do you mean, sir!

Van Twiller goes through the dumb-bell exercise. Featherly falls upon chair and slaps the table violently with his hands. Mrs. Van paces excitedly up and down stage.

Mr. VAN. [*to Featherly*] What are you pawing the furniture for! [*to his wife*] What are you walking up and down about! Why don't you stop pawing and why don't you sit down!

Mrs. VAN. [*facing her husband*]. How dare you!

Mr. VAN. Mrs. Van Twiller, don't make yourself tedious. What's up! Is our house afire; are our stocks going to the devil; are we moving into another Sahara? No! Oh, Wouter, illustrious ancestor, Governor of New Amsterdam! Here, on one hand, is a proud mother, who walks up and down because she doesn't want her son to marry an angel; here, on the other hand, is a Lord pawing the furniture, because he doesn't know what he wants. Let them get married. Let everybody get married. I give my consent. I sleep most of the time. That keeps me out of people's way. You are both old enough to know better. Old enough to be sensible. That is what my illustrious ancestor would say. [*aside*] Wouter, you have said enough. Vanish. [*exit "D C."*]

Mrs. VAN. The man's mad!

FEA. Stark mad!

Mrs. VAN. I never knew him to act like that.

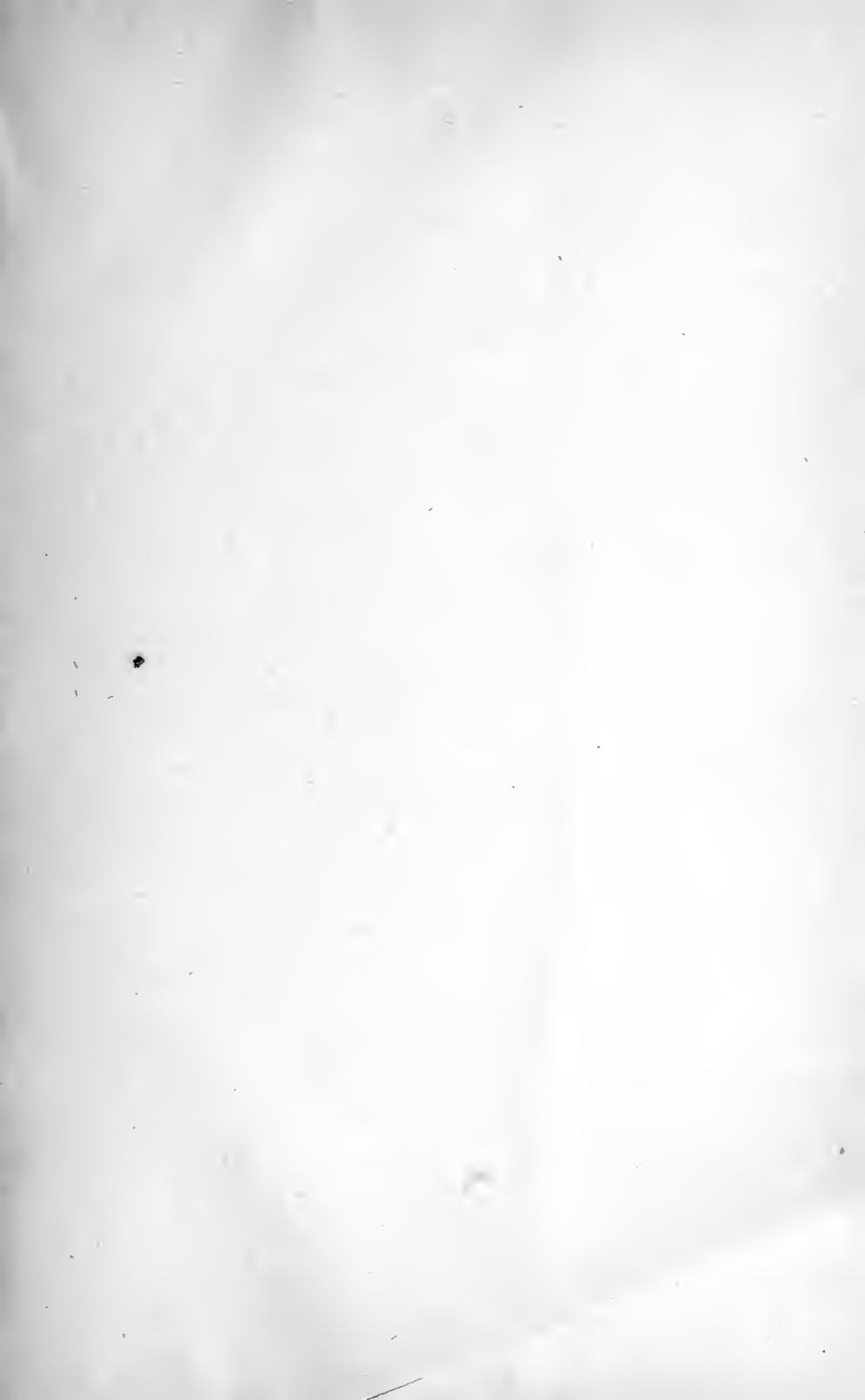
FEA. But our sons!

Mrs. VAN. Yes, our sons! We will follow Mr. Van Twiller. I will bring him to his senses. We may still have time to prevent the marriage.

FEA. I trust so.







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